

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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AUTUMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Come out to where the stubble fields
Lie brown beneath the autumn sun;
Out to the breezy mountain heights
Where care is lost and health is won.
And if among the leafless trees
We miss the bluebird and the linnet,
Each babbling brook that runs along,
Will sing a song with music in it.

We'll see the nimble squirrel run
Along the fence as we pass,
And hear the humble cricket sing,
Contented in the withered grass;
For once we'll be as blithe as they,
Forgetting pain, forgetting sorrow,
Enjoy the sunshine of to-day,
And trust the future for to-morrow.

Come out! the sky is blue overhead
As over summer sky could be,
And like a gleam of silver lies
The sunlight on the open sea!
And if among the leafless trees
We miss the bluebird and the linnet,
Each babbling brook that runs along,
Will sing a song with music in it.

CAPTAIN RALPH MONMOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ESSEX.

PART II.

We reached the homestead just at sunset. It was a large house built of irregular blocks of the native stone, and surrounded by a fine lawn and park. It stood half way up a hill, commanding a fine view of the valley below, now glowing in the gorgeous tints of autumn, and laughing in the mellow light of the setting sun.

On the broad piazza stood my uncle, a hale and handsome man of sixty; and by his side was a tall, well-built youth of two-and-twenty, with a noble, aristocratic face, and fair chestnut hair. My uncle advanced with his bright smile of welcome.

"Well, Ralph! how are you, my boy? Grown a little, I see. This is your cousin, George York."

I sprang up the steps, and with my heart beating tumultuously, shook hands with my new friend. I glanced even then that he bestowed a somewhat supercilious glance on my small and youthful figure.

"How do, Burt. Come, boys, I hope you will like each other, and have a glorious good time together. This is liberty hall, you know."

With this, Uncle Ralph brought us into the library, a great room lined with book cases, and well filled with comfortable lounges and chairs. He planted us before a cheerful wood fire, that was very pleasant in the cool September evening, and then said to me,

"Well, Ralph, George only arrived this afternoon; so to-morrow you can do all the honors of the place."

"Yes, sir!" I answered, simply. I was always diffident with strangers, and I felt more than usually overawed just now.

"I expected him sooner," continued my uncle, "but his mother could not spare him before. It seems since he left college he has been escorting her and his sister to all sorts of gay watering-places."

"You have just graduated at Yale," I ventured, feeling that I must say something, yet all the time half afraid of this man of the world.

"Yes; in July."

"Ah! how I envy you," I sighed. "I do wish papa would let me go to college."

"It's a shame he won't," said Uncle Ralph; "he seems determined to make a girl of you—always keeping you at home, tied to your mother's apron-strings. Then seeing me bluish at this season, my uncle added, good-naturedly, 'Never mind, Ralph, you'll be a man yet in spite of them. By the way, how comes on the board?'"

This question rather increased than diminished my confusion; for, to tell the truth, I had been for some time past, by Mr. Burt's conversation, shewing with great diligence in private, but had met with no better success than acquiring a few silky, black hairs on the upper lip; and at this question I was thrown into an agony of mortification, and felt an intense envy of the curling, yellow moustache that shaded my cousin's handsome mouth. Before I had framed any reply, my tutor interposed for my relief.

"Really, Mr. Monmouth, you forget how young he is—only seventeen. Why, sir, I myself had not much more beard than he has when I was twenty-one, of age, sir, and not a whisker to show myself with!"

As usual, Mr. Burt had overdone the mark. My uncle smiled, rather incredulously, and said, with a shrug,

"Well, well! It's too bad to tease the boy—of course it will come in time."

"Never mind," added George, a little patronizingly.

ingly; "there are lots of fellows at college, that have no more hair about the month than you have."

"You are all very hard on me," I said, recovering somewhat. "I don't know but your consolations are as bad as your questions. I don't like to be thus tormented to my face."

And said the laugh which followed this little rally, we were summoned to supper. It was a very substantial one, and we all did full justice to its excellence. I sat next to George, and warmed by the fine words that flowed plentifully, the awkwardness of a first acquaintance wore off, and I began to feel quite at my ease with him.

Afterwards, when we returned to the library and sat smoking around the comfortable fire, we held a tolerably uninterrupted conversation together. My cousin was full of college stories, to which I listened with eager delight; nor did the shade of condescension in his manner afford me as it might some interest. I regarded him from the first with an admiration I did not attempt to conceal, and I was impressed thus early in an intercourse with the feeling that he was the most perfectly organized and attractive companion I had ever met. He was really a very intelligent, pleasant fellow, exceedingly manly, and the shade of hauteur in his manner accorded so well with his handsome, classic face, that it was easy to forgive him for it.

The next day George and I rambled all over the place, and although persistently accompanied by Mr. Burt, we enjoyed it very much. My tutor could be a very agreeable companion when he chose, and he exerted himself now to make us forget the restraint of his presence. He was inexhaustible in anecdotes and fun, and although I have no doubt carefully guiding the conversation, we at the time were quite unconscious of it. When we were tired of walking, we devoted ourselves to divers masculine sports. To my great surprise I found myself in most of these my cousin's superior. We practiced at a mark, and my good shots outnumbered his two to one; my score at billiards was far better than his; and in fencing we were at least well matched. Even in the use of the gloves, I was scientifically his equal, though physically his inferior. George bore his defeat with great outward calmness; though I saw he was a good deal disappointed at being beaten by a boy so much his junior. At the same time his respect for me was considerably increased by the knowledge of my proficiency in these respects, and by the discovery made in the course of our conversation, that although I had not been at college, I had already studied nearly all the branches taught there. When evening came I was very glad to have him propose chess, a game at which I was not very skillful, and in which he easily came off victorious.

"Well, boys," said my uncle, as we drew near the fire after our last well-contested match, "it's near twelve o'clock; what do you say to a night-cap and then to bed?"

"I'm agreed with all my heart," answered George.

"Shall I ring the bell?" asked I.

"Yes, you young scamp. I see you have not forgotten the old Monongahela."

A servant appeared in answer to the summons.

"John," said my uncle with great gravity, "you may bring—a waiter."

"Yes, sir."

"And some cups."

"Yes, sir."

"And some hot water."

"Yes, sir."

"And some sugar."

"Yes, sir."

"And a lemon."

"Yes, sir."

"And stop a moment, John, the Monongahela whiskey."

And having reached this sublime climax my uncle leaned back in his chair with a contented smile. In a few minutes the required articles arrived in the shape of an old-fashioned silver salver, four gold cups—part of a set which had belonged to my great-grandfather, an elegant sugar tureen, &c., and a square black bottle of inviting aspect. Uncle Ralph proceeded to concoct the punch, and when we were each supplied, said:

"Now, boys, drink to your sweethearts."

"Mine is only an ideal," responded George.

"And you, Ralph?"

"I haven't any but my sister Jennie."

How they all laughed at that answer. I blushed as usual, and was afflicted by the idea that I had said something very "green," but George encouraged me by saying:

"That's right, Ralph, she shall be mine, too, with your leave."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed I, annoyed at the openness of the flattery.

"I don't know about that, Ralph," said George. "You're not a bad looking fellow." And somehow I was very much pleased with this compliment.

This day was a fair sample of many that followed. We rode and walked, and went hunting if it was fine weather, and read and talked and played indoor games if it stormed. I had never been so happy in my life. George was a most delightful companion, and I admired him more intensely every day. Indeed there was something about him that fascinated me irresistibly, although he sometimes made me very angry by his allusions to what he called my simplicity, and his frequent jokes at my expense. Yet over all our intercourse at this time there was the restraint of Mr. Burt's presence; his vigilance was unflinching and unceasing, never relaxing from the moment I left my room in the morning till I returned to it at night, so that I was never for one moment entirely alone with my cousin, and this incessant surveillance grew after a time intolerable. I endured it with some patience while yet a comparative stranger to George, but as the time went on, and I felt an intense desire for some of those innocent confidences so natural to youths of the same age, it grew exceedingly irksome. I could see too, that George was annoyed by the polite persecutions of the bland tutor, though he had no opportunity to say so until one morning accident favored us with a moment's privacy.

We started off for a ride one bright autumn day, and contrary to his usual custom my uncle accompanied us, thus forcing one of us to fall back by his side whenever the road was too narrow for us to ride abreast. For some time Mr. Burt contrived that it should be always George who trotted beside my uncle, but at last coming round a corner into a narrow lane, my uncle called my tutor to him and very reluctantly he was obliged to obey the summons. As he turned back George heaved a portentous sigh of relief, and then looking at me with a significant smile, said:

"Come on!"

I was not slow in taking the hint, and in a moment we had put a considerable distance between us and my guardian.

"Ralph," said George, as we slackened up a little, "why do you let that dry-nurse run after you so as if you were a great baby?"

Something in the tone of the question, sensible as it was, annoyed me, and I answered rather shortly:

"Because I can't help it, and besides it's papa's orders that he is never to leave me."

"Why not, pray? Does he think you're not able to take care of yourself?"

Again I was provoked.

"Perhaps so, though I should like to be away once and show you if I'm not."

"Why don't you then? Are you afraid?"

This was more than I could bear.

"No indeed, George York," I cried fiercely. "I am not afraid of anything."

"Now, Ralph, don't get excited," said my cousin deprecatingly. "That man does wrong me so by his incessant, crafty watchfulness, that I feel like scolding you for putting up with it."

"I have no choice," I replied, sadly. "It is provoking enough to me, too, but I have become accustomed to it, for from my earliest recollection some one has always watched me."

"What!" exclaimed George, opening his eyes in astonishment. "do you mean you have never been alone? or been left to amuse yourself like other boys of your age?"

"No, never. You think me green and childish about many things, it is because I have never had any freedom, though I long for it more than I can tell."

"Why that's too outrageously bad!" cried George. "I'll tell you what, Ralph, if this watching is a regular system we must contrive some way to evade it. What do you say to giving him the slip to-night and riding down to the village? We might go to the Park House and have a game of ten pins. I don't suppose the alley there is as good as Uncle Ralph's, but it will be a jolly little lark any way."

"Splendid!" I replied with delight. "I will go certainly, but how can we contrive it?"

"Oh, leave that to me. I see your argument coming after us," he added as we turned into a broad road. "Be at the stables as soon after dawn as you can, and I'll have the horses ready."

"Agreed."

"What's agreed?" asked Mr. Burt eagerly, as he ranged alongside.

"Nothing, but that we are to have a famous match at billiards this afternoon," responded George, carelessly, and so our conference was at an end.

I was very much excited all day, in anticipation of my proposed excursion, but endeavored not to betray any unusual restlessness of manner, lest I should awaken my tutor's ready suspicions. As the time approached I grew more and more nervous, and it seemed to me as if the long evening never would be over. But at last the slow hours crept away, and at half past ten, George, notwithstanding the seductions of punch, played fatigue, and beds good night, and half an hour later, I too, went off. Mr. Burt accompanied me, as usual, to my room. After he left me I heard him creep cautiously to George's door, and listen; the entire quiet, I

suppose, made him think he was asleep, and after a moment he returned to the library. Once there, I relied upon the seductions of the whiskey to keep him for the next thirty minutes. As soon as he was thirty gone, I gave a hasty glance into the hall to see if the coast was clear, and then darted down stairs. I held my breath as I stole across the entry, and gently opened the back door, but what was my horror, as the light from the hall fell into the piazza, to find myself face to face with my uncle.

"Hillo! Ralph! why, what's the matter? I thought you were in bed!"

I attempted to stammer an explanation, but before I could recover myself, George appeared at the foot of the steps, and cried, breathlessly, "Ah! let him go, Uncle Ralph, don't keep him, or he'll be caught."

"What, what, what? be caught? So you're in some mischief, you young rascals."

"No harm," protested George, "we are only going for a ride to the village; he wants to give that confounded tutor the slip a while."

"Yes," pleaded I, "don't tell him, please, Uncle Ralph, we won't be gone long."

"I don't wonder you want to get away from him," said uncle, "he does keep you terribly close; but I don't know about your starting off at this time of night."

"Oh! that won't hurt!"

"And I'm so afraid he'll come out and catch me," urged I; "now do let me go."

"Well, well! Off with you," said the kind old gentleman. "I'll not betray you, provided you're not gone too long."

He did not wait for a second permission, but with hasty thanks ran down the steps and joined George. Then, as fast as possible, we hurried to the stables, where the horses were awaiting us, and scrambling on their backs, trotted them slowly on the grass till we were past the house, and then dashed off at a swift gallop. It was a lovely moonlight night, clear and cold; the country around us very still and beautiful in the pale radiance that lit up the deserted highway, and slept in the mysterious woods. We were wild with excitement, and as we flew over the ground we awoke the slumbering echoes with our shouts of laughter and song. There was something intensely exhilarating in the novel situation and the unrestricted companionship of my cousin, and every breath I drew seemed a fresh inspiration of liberty. The five miles to the village were travelled in less than half an hour, and as we drove up at the door of the little hotel it still lacked some time of midnight.

Then George took the lead, I following him, trying to look at home in a bar room, a place I had never before entered. He inquired for the alley, and finding it occupied, but soon to be vacated, ordered a mild supper to be sent to us to refresh us after our gallop. While we were awaiting this we beguiled the time with a preliminary "cock-tail," and cigars, so that I was a good deal exhilarated before we sat down to our beef steak and champagne. We did more than justice to the indifferent viands that were set before us, and made the walls ring with our noisy talk. Altogether we were as foolish as any two boys ever were under similar circumstances, and before we left the room I was by no means as clear headed as on our arrival. Just as we finished our second bottle of so-called champagne, the waiter came to say that the alley was at our service. I rose with rather an unsteady step, and we followed him out. We had to cross the yard to reach the building; the cool air refreshed me somewhat, and I remember I was startled by the sound of the village clock striking two, and had a vague idea that we ought to go home.

George was very much more accustomed to drinking than I; still, he evidently felt what he had taken, for his eyes were unnaturally bright, and there was a burning crimson spot on each cheek. We took our places at the two alleys, and began to bowl. I was so confused that my ball went wide of the mark, and rolled in the gutter. George laughed derisively as he sent the pins flying with a tolerably well directed blow. I struggled hard against the bewilderment which was stealing over me, and, straightening myself up, made another attempt, which was somewhat more successful than the first. George, whose whole capacity for teasing seemed aroused by the stimulants he had taken, made some jeering remarks. I retorted angrily, though all the while struggling desperately to retain my self-possession. It was very hard work, though; my blood ran through my veins like fire, my eyes were heavy, and my brain was dizzy. We went on for two or three more rounds, I rolling at random, and only by chance hitting the pins. George all the while laughing at me, till at last I made what I supposed to be a ten strike. Elated, I cried out:

"Double space!"

"No, it isn't," said George. "There are only eight down."

"You there are!" persisted I. "There are ten."

"Nonsense! Don't you see there are only eight fallen? the other two are as solid as rocks."

"You must be blind!" I shouted, "if you can't see they're all down."

"By Jove! Ralph, it's you that are blind, or rather you see double. Boy, how many are there down?"

"Eight, sir."

"There, I told you so," said George emphatically. "Come, I think I had better take you home."

I was very much excited, and I was exceedingly angry at his supercilious tone. Take me home, indeed. You're tipsy yourself."

"I pity you if I am, Miss Nancy. What'll be your name then?"

"Hold your tongue, George. Do you want to fight?"

I had put down my ball, and stood standing myself by the rail that divided the alleys. I was flushed and provoked, but evidently George, who was by no means as calm as usual, did not regard my wrath as very alarming, for he answered, jeeringly,

"Come on, boys! who's afraid?"

My blood was up; all the pent up passion of my nature was roused, and, with an oath, the first I had ever uttered, I sprang upon him fiercely. He was much taller and larger than I, but I was mad with wine and rage, and fought furiously. For one brief instant there was a struggle; no doubt he would soon have got the better of me, but before he could recover from his surprise, or the frightened alley boy summoned aid, his foot slipped on the smooth boards, and he fell heavily, his head striking violently against the sharp corner of the railing. The blood streamed out over his golden hair from a deep wound on the forehead, and my indignant cousin lay at my feet, white and lifeless.

PART III.

The sight of the pale face and bleeding form of my darling George, the thought that I was the cause of the possibly fatal injury heaped me in a moment, and I flung myself down beside him in an agony of confusion for my own act.

"Oh, my God, I have killed him!" I groaned.

"George! George! speak to me," I cried, as I raised his head, then called to the startled alley-boy. "Run, run quickly for a doctor! Get some one to come here!" and once more to the landlady's room. "Oh, George, what have I done?"

The boy disappeared, and for some awful moments I was alone with my adored cousin, fainting, dying, as I thought, and by my hand. I stood distractedly over him, trying to staunch the blood with my handkerchiefs, and growing every moment more anxious when to my inexpressible relief I heard rapid footsteps approaching.

"Well, sir, this is a pretty way to requite my kindness!"

It was my uncle's voice. I looked up startled, and there were Uncle Ralph and Mr. Burt regarding me eagerly. Without attempting an excuse I went on frantically:

"Oh, help me! help me! Can nothing be done? Have I really murdered him?"

"I hope not," said my uncle, stooping over him, and drawing back the fair hair from the ugly gash on the forehead. "He has only fainted, I don't think it will be much; there, there, Ralph, don't go on so."

"If he will only live to forgive me," I gasped, with great difficulty restraining my blinding tears.

At this moment the landlady and some waiters appeared, they raised George and carried him over to the house. I followed with my mind relieved by my uncle's assurance, but still overwhelmed with contrition. The air revived my cousin somewhat, and to my inexpressible delight a faint color began to come into his face, and he showed some signs of animation as they laid him on a sofa. The physician had already arrived, and while he washed and plastered the cut, George opened his eyes and looked up with a feeble groan.

"Ah, my head!"

"Oh, George!" cried I, throwing myself on my knees beside him. "Forgive me! forgive me!"

My uncle advanced impatiently.

"Don't be a fool, Ralph. Come away."

"No, no," said George, faintly. "Don't go. I remember now, it was all my fault. I shall be well soon."

How my heart filled with glowing affection at those words! I could not speak, but turning off to hide my weakness I sat down in a corner, and gave vent to a brief burst of weeping.

George was soon sufficiently recovered to be taken home in the carriage which had brought out my uncle and Mr. Burt. It seemed that after our departure Uncle Ralph repeated his rash permission, and felt so anxious for our safety, that he would not go to bed, but when Mr. Burt left him, not reading by the fire till the clock struck the half hour after twelve; then becoming alarmed at our prolonged absence, he resolved to rouse the tutor and go in search of us. At the first words of my uncle, Mr. Burt sprang up and came half dressed to the door, my uncle astonished at the unusual summons.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir, but those boys are gone off, and I'm afraid they're in some trouble."

Mr. Burt turned very pale.

"Gone off, sir! What boys? Not Mr. Ralph? Good God! sir, how did it happen?"

He was so agitated that my uncle could scarcely control him, while he put on some clothes; he wanted to give chase at once and on foot. Finally yielding to reason he did consent to wait for the carriage, but Uncle Ralph afterwards told me that he never saw a man so dumb-

gladly watched as he was from the time he discovered my light till he had his eye on me again.

"I sat beside George on the back seat of the coach supporting his head on my shoulder. For my sake he tried to suppress the groans which the jolting of the carriage wrought from him; but this effort on his part only deepened my anguish and remorse. My uncle and Mr. Bart tried to console me by saying he would soon be well; and George himself whispered it was but a trifle; but I could not be comforted. I realized now how inexplicably dear he was to me, as I shuddered in his tenderly in my arms. I remembered a column rose in my heart, that henceforth throughout my life I would hesitate at no sacrifice that would increase his happiness, and needed it by stooping where the shadows of the trees fell deepest, and with a wild thrill pressing my lips lightly to his forehead.

When we reached the homestead George was able to walk up stairs. I was greatly cheered by this, though intensely provoked that Mr. Bart would not let me accompany him to his room, but ordered me peremptorily to my bed. Tired as I was, I soon forgot all my sorrows in a deep sleep, which lasted till quite late the next morning; so that by the time I was again allowed to see George, he was up and not looking very badly—but devoting himself with considerable enthusiasm to a very tolerable breakfast.

"Well, old fellow, how are you?"
"Oh, George, are you really better?"
"Yes, almost well. Come, Ralph, don't look so down-hearted. We both behaved like a couple of fools last night. Let's forget it."

However, though George thus generously made light of the blow, it proved to be a pretty severe one; and for several days he was quite languid, suffering a good deal of pain in the head. At first Mr. Bart was exceedingly anxious to take me directly home, but my uncle would not hear of this—insisting that my visit should last at least as long as was originally intended. So I was permitted to remain and devote myself heart and soul to my cousin. I read to him, wrote letters for him, and waited on him most patiently and continually. Each day the love I felt for him grew more intense, till it became the one absorbing thought of my life. Yet I never guessed the full depth of his passion till too late! Looking back to those pleasant weeks now, they seem the happiest of my life—then he was wholly and entirely mine—then I had no rival in his heart—then I forgot for a little while the dark secret that haunted me, and even the hateful restrictions of my guarded life.

How reluctantly I counted each hour of the last few days! How jealously I watched his every motion on his last evening together! How sad I was on the morning of our departure! George, too, said that he was sorry to go—but I saw plainly that he felt far less than I. He was so full of anticipations of his gay life in the city, that he had no time for regret. Even when I bade him good-bye, he looked after me with a bright smile, while I could scarcely restrain my tears.

For a long time after my return to my home I was restless and low spirited. I missed my recent companion more even than I had fancied I should. I found myself constantly falling into long reveries of which he was the theme; and my only consolation was in dreaming of the time when we should meet again. I talked constantly of my hero to my sister Jessie, who always heard me with interest; and it was her entreaties joined to mine, that induced my father to spend Christmas with us. I had already written him one or two letters—to which I had received but brief and tardy replies; but the one containing my urgent request to him to come to us at the holidays, elicited a speedy and cordial answer in the affirmative. This threw me into a state of wild delight, and the remaining weeks were passed in blissful anticipation of the coming reunion.

On the full December afternoon that at last brought my cousin to us, Jessie and I sat together—she nearly as nervous as I at thought of meeting her unknown relative—and when at last the carriage drove up, we both ran down to the gate to receive our welcome guest. George jumped out, looking very smiling and handsome, but somehow although he greeted me very cordially, I had a dull sense that there was something lacking, that in short he was not nearly so glad to see me as I was to see him. Even while he spoke to me, I could see that his glance was all directed to Jessie. She certainly did look very pretty as she stood there, her sweet face glowing with pleasure, her clustering black curls tossed back, and her eyes sparkling with health and animation. But still she was only a new acquaintance, while I was an old friend. However, George seemed determined to establish as much intimacy with her as possible—for he began calling her "Cousin Jessie" at once, and they walked back to the house laughing as if they had always known each other. It was quite evident she would share my admiration for my fascinating cousin; for the moment George went up to his room, and we were alone, she exclaimed—

"Oh, Ralph! how handsome he is!"
"I always told you he was."

"Yes, but I had no idea he was so splendid! What glorious eyes!"
This first favorable impression appeared to be entirely mutual. The whole of that evening George devoted himself to Jessie so entirely that I had no opportunity to talk with him until she had disappeared for the night. Then, however, he chatted with me with his old, kind familiarity, and for the time I was satisfied.

The next day I supposed, of course, that I should have George entirely to myself, but in this I was again doomed to grievous disappointment. He was at Jessie's service for a walk, or a ride, or a drive, anything that would keep him beside her, and I could only obtain possession of him when she was out of the way. This was a state of affairs of which I had never dreamed. I tried hard to struggle against my bitter feelings at his evident preference for her. I was resolved not to be jealous of my sister, yet I could not help it. I was grievously pained at his forgetfulness of me, when he had come to visit, and it was almost worse than not seeing him at all. Still having him come there to devote himself to Jessie and neglect me. During the Christmas festivities I tried to forget him, since it was then customary for each young man to court some lady, and even I, to do my utmost to attract attention to the whole family, was pained off with a dull, dazed mind of the neighborhood; but when all that excitement was over, it was too bad for Jessie still to neglect me.

Indeed, it was very difficult for me to bear

his open admiration of another. He was always leaning over Jessie's chair, or riding, walking, and driving with her, wholly oblivious of me, and I loved him so much! We had grown such champions of each other! And yet here he was forsaking me for the first pretty girl he met. I grew more and more wounded and forlorn every day. For weeks I would not have intercourse with their happiness, yet it made me feel utterly lonely and miserable to me how completely I was forgotten.

The days went on, and still he lingered. My father and mother were evidently well pleased at his attentions to Jessie. He was quite well off, just starting in a good business, highly connected, and in all respects a desirable match. So they urged him to stay, and I had to listen to their stupid jokes about "love at first sight," and other nonsense, which it must be confessed George and Jessie seemed to like very well. I grew more and more unhappy; my cousin left me almost entirely alone, and I wandered about with Mr. Bart restless and low-spirited, though with my heart always full of unuttered affection for my faithless friend. Sometimes I hoped that this was but a passing caprice, and that when it was over George would return to me for sympathy. Then again, I would look at the dear that still marred his sunny temple, and renew my vow that under all circumstances his happiness should be my first thought.

Even lover's visits must have an end, and at last the time for his departure arrived. On the evening before he left, I was walking up and down in the garden, smoking—for I had lately indulged in this, my only vice, to an excessive degree, finding in its soothing influence a sort of consolation—while Mr. Bart sat on the piazza watching me, when George joined me.

"Well, Ralph, my time is almost up."

"Yes," answered I, forgetting for the moment my trouble at the kindness of his tones. "I am so sorry you have to leave."

"It's very hard, my dear fellow; but you'll write to me often, won't you? I shall want so much to hear about you, and—about—Jessie."

This is all, thought I, sadly; he does not care to hear of me, only of Jessie!

"Why, what is the matter, Ralph? You don't answer. I hope you've no objections to my being a brother of yours, for, by Jove! I mean to be if I can!"

"Do you love her?" I asked hoarsely.

"Love her? Indeed I do, with all my heart."

"But you have known her such a short time."

"That's just what she says; but I'll prove to her that a long time will make no difference. I shall love her all my life, please God!"

He added the last words reverently, taking off his hat as he spoke. Then I no longer doubted; the full force of the blow fell, and I felt to my latest heart that he loved her as he would never love me.

I will not linger on the hours of suffering that followed, I struggled hard against this unnatural, this terrible jealousy. I tried to remind myself that some day he would probably have sought a wife—seeing all my sex, but myself, seemed to be swayed by this incomprehensible passion of love—and better my sister than some stranger who would separate us; but it was of little avail. I was utterly miserable. My life from that moment seemed wholly without hope.

The next morning after breakfast the carriage came to convey George away, all the family went out on the porch to bid him good-bye except Jessie, she lingered in the parlor. Seeing this he ran in there for a farewell. It was brief, but when he came out again there was a glow on his cheeks, and a shade of moisture in his eyes. He hastily shook hands with the rest of us, quite indifferently, as I thought, with an added pang, and drove away, still looking back towards the parlor window.

So he was gone! Jessie looked pale for several days, and then there came a letter for her that brought back the roses to her cheeks. As for me, after a period of listless despair, I roused myself with fixed resolution, and hunted and rode and studied with desperate perseverance, determining to drown thought. It seemed to me as if the romance of my life was over, I resolved to indulge in no more dreams of friendship, but to go steadily on with my duties. I succeeded only tolerably, for I carried an aching heart that rendered all application a weariness and a toll.

No thought of attempting to thwart my cousin's affection ever crossed my mind. I had sworn to do all I could to make George happy, and I resolved to fulfill the promise at no matter what cost to myself. Moved by this remembrance I even brought myself to write to him, to deliver messages from Jessie, who was not herself yet allowed to correspond directly with him, and to exhibit no disappointment that all his answers were to her. Thus the weary months of winter passed away, spring arrived, and once more George was to come to us. This time, after a short visit at our house, he was to go with me for the semi-annual visit to my uncle. This prospect once more gave me a hope of at least a brief period of happiness, and gladly as Jessie welcomed back her lover, I believe my heart beat with even more intense delight. It is said that "the love of comrades passes the love of woman," and was not mine more than both?

Yet my brief pleasure was almost wholly clouded by the almost indifference he betrayed to me, and his entire and undisguised devotion to Jessie. I hardly knew how I lived through that time of trial; I was consoled only by the thought that very soon he would be alone with me, and that he must pass some of his time with me, and our close relation that he was happy.

It was soon evident that affairs between the young people were drawing to a climax, and I endeavored to be prepared for the announcement that soon came. One afternoon I sat in the pleasant study smoking as usual, and reading or rather pretending to read, for the contents of the book made very little impression on my wandering thoughts, when the door opened, and Jessie's pretty head appeared.

"Ralph, may I come in? I want to speak to you."

"Certainly, dear, what is it?"

Mr. Bart, who had been writing at the table, rose and left the room, and Jessie glided into the chair beside me. Yet not that we were alone she seemed to find some difficulty in opening the conversation, for she began:

"You look pale, Ralph; are you not well?"

"Of course I am. I am always well."

"Then you smoke too much. You really look miserable."

"Do I?" replied I, with an attempt at a laugh. "And is that all you've come here for? To abuse my looks, and lecture me for smoking too much?"

"Oh, no!" she cried with a blush. "Oh, Ralph, I really have something very important to tell you. I am, that is, we are—"

"Well, go on!"

"I am engaged to George." She half-whispered the words, and leaning forward hid her blushing and fearful face on my shoulder.

I stooped down and kissed her, yet although I had expected this it was a shock even now, and at first I could not speak. After a moment Jessie looked up pleadingly.

"What is the matter? You are not vexed, are you, Ralph?"

"No indeed, Jessie! I hope you will make him happy, for upon my life I believe I love him as well as you do!"

So it was settled, they were engaged, and would probably be married in the fall, and this was the prospect to which I must become reconciled. Why did I rebel so fiercely against it? I watched the lovers with a wretched, wandering curiosity, marvelling at George's devotion to Jessie, and feeling sure that no woman would ever hold me in such chains, trying to find some cause for contempt in his enslavement, and after all yearning vainly for his affection.

It was entirely impossible for me to fix myself to any regular pursuit, until this feverish excitement was past, and indeed I scarcely attempted it. I took a holiday from my books and spent my time in aimless wanderings or idle musings. In all this Mr. Bart humored me, he must have noticed my depression, but he never remarked upon it or opposed my wishes in any way. It was at this time that reflecting on the foreboding of my state, I began to think much of that never-forgotten mystery which surrounded me. Why was my life so miserable? Why was I apparently a creature so apart from the rest of mankind? Finding no amusement in the love of the opposite sex, no consolation in the friendship of my own. What was the hidden cause of my isolation and unhappiness? In those fruitless conjectures, and vain struggles with my miserable jealousy, the slow days crept away, and the time for our departure for the homestead drew near.

One evening we were all sitting together in the parlor. George and Jessie on the sofa, father, mother, Mr. Bart, and myself, around the centre table. I was pretending to read, but my eyes constantly wandered away from my book, to the handsome figure near me, bending down so tenderly to catch Jessie's lightest word, that his golden hair fairly touched her glossy curls.

On a sudden, there came a most unusually loud ringing at the bell. There was something so premonitory in the summons, that it startled us all, and my father himself rose and went to the door. We heard it open, then a brief colloquy in the hall, in a tone that filled us with vague apprehension, and after a moment my father came in looking pale and agitated, and followed by Robert, my Uncle Ralph's favorite servant.

"What is the matter?" cried my mother, starting up.

"Very alarming news, Mary," replied my father, "from the homestead."

"Your brother, is he ill?"

"Dangerously so, I fear; he has had a stroke of paralysis."

My heart stood still with horror at this awful announcement. "Oh, father," I exclaimed; "but this attack may pass off!"

"I fear not. Robert says he is very low."

"Oh! my dear, kind Uncle Ralph!" and with that cry of distress I flung myself down on the sofa in an agony of grief, from which I was only roused by being reminded that if I would see him again alive, I must start at once for the homestead.

At this suggestion I rallied sufficiently to assist somewhat in the hasty preparations for my departure, and half an hour later, my father, cousin, Mr. Bart, and myself, were on board the midnight train, dashing through the darkness to a death-bed. I cannot attempt to describe my agony of mind during that awful journey. My affectionate uncle, my more than father, my best friend on earth was suffering, dying, and by the time we stood within his noble old hall, my trembling anxiety was such that I could not frame the question I longed yet dreaded to ask.

Yes, he was alive, but that was all.

We went at once to his room. I was greatly shocked at the terrible change that had already come over him. He had fallen at once from a hearty, middle-aged gentleman, to a wrinkled and shrunken old man. Still it was a great comfort to me to think that I was with him, for although he lay for many hours unconscious, just before his death he revived for a moment, and his last smile was for me.

When it was all over, I gave way to my uncontrollable sorrow. I had loved my uncle better than any other being except George; more than father, or mother, or sister, and now he was gone, this dear friend who had always been so indulgent and so affectionate. In that dark hour my cousin was very kind, and on his shoulder I finally sobbed myself to sleep. But I will not dwell on my grief; my story grows too long already. I will hasten over these final details.

The day after the funeral, the lawyers opened the will. My uncle left a handsome legacy to my father, a small one to each of my sisters, and to George York. Some annuities to faithful servants, and:

"My present residence, known as The Homestead, together with the whole rest, residue and remainder of my estate, real and personal, wheresoever it may be found, to my beloved nephew, Ralph Bennett."

I was worth half a million of dollars.

Mr. Bart and the lawyers came up to congratulate me. Congratulations me, who had lost one dearer than a parent, on the acquisition of this useless wealth! I indignantly repelled their mocking words, and the sorrow I had for a moment restrained, broke forth afresh.

And now I approach a period which I know not how to describe. My heart beats and my blood boils as I think of the secret that has blasted my life, and I feel how utterly inadequate is any language to describe my unprecedented sorrow, my unendurable humiliation.

When I was sufficiently calm to think, I began to feel very much the importance of my situation. I was wholly independent now; this house was my own, to fill it as I chose. This was surely the proper time for me to assert my freedom, to rid myself of my tutor, and to force from my father an acknowledgment of what was the mystery that shrouded me. I fully resolved to take the first appropriate opportunity for making known my condition, though I shrank with the thought of a life-time of unrelenting enmity from leaving my father's displeasure.

Thus waiting, I was struck with something very peculiar in his manner; he seemed restless and uneasy after looking anxiously at me, and appearing like myself to wish to say something which he desired yet dreaded to utter. We were walking up and down on the piazza, one day after dinner, smoking calmly,

when Mr. Bart and George having disappeared, my father stepped to my side, and said,

"Ralph, I think some of us should go home to-morrow."

"Very well, sir, just as you think best."

"Of course, now that this is to be your home, some new arrangements must be made for your household."

"I suppose so, sir," replied I, and then feeling that now was the time to speak, I went on hastily: "There is one thing I hope you will not object to. Mr. Bart's constant supervision has been very irksome to me for a long time past. I think that now I am old enough to be relieved from it."

My father passed in his walk and regarded me with a troubled look.

"That depends upon yourself, Ralph."

"Not understanding him, I replied—

"I assure you, sir, I consider myself quite competent to take care of myself."

"Not yet, Ralph," said my father, in a tone that riveted my attention. "Not yet."

I watched him without speaking—he changed color perceptibly, and then asked, abruptly,

"Do you think you can bear to be entrusted with a very great and extraordinary secret?"

I turned pale—I felt even then a presentiment of something terrible—but ah! not half so terrible as the reality. But I answered faintly—

"Yes, sir, I can. For a long time past, I have been aware that there was some strange mystery about me. I think I can bear anything better than the endless conjecture with which I have tormented myself."

"I am glad that you are somewhat prepared," said my father, "for I had intended to tell you soon, and I feared the shock would be too great. This is no place for any private conversation," he went on, hurriedly; "I will call your mother, and we will go up stairs."

He turned away with an unsteady step, his face working with agitation. I waited for a moment—my head swimming and my heart beating so furiously that I seemed as one in some horrible fever dream, then my mother came in answer to my father's summons. She, too, looked pale and distressed, and in a silence that grew each instant more intolerable, we went slowly up stairs to my uncle's study.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BELLA Z. SPENCER, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1886.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "Good Night;" "Too Hasty;" "All in Good Time;" "Be Patient;" "Indeed!" "I Love Her Yet;" "Parted;" "In Peace;" "Ora Livingston;" "Autumn Flowers;" "Withered;" "Come To Me."

A NEW STORY BY EMERSON BENNETT

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, exclusively for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

Our readers may look for a story of wild adventure and thrilling interest; but the public is so well acquainted with the peculiar merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that the simple announcement of a story from him is probably all that is necessary.

KEEPING HALLOWEEN.

Did you ever keep Halloween, my little friends? If you did not, then you don't know what rare fun there is in it. Let me tell you about a splendid Halloween which I kept on the thirty-first of October, with the dear "little people" at a friend's house this year.

Pretty soon after tea, I found myself surrounded by a bevy of dancing-eyed darlings, in the dining-room, on the floor of which was spread a piece of crash to preserve the carpet. Upon this crash a tub was placed, nearly full of clear water; and floating in the liquid element were a lot of red-checked apples to begin the sport with. The opening ceremony was to be "bobbing for apples"—that is getting an apple out of the water with our teeth. You may imagine that this is rather a difficult operation; but when one gets into the way of it there is grand fun. Each one was allowed three trials, and if they were unsuccessful there was no apple for that unlucky "bobber."

O, what fun we had getting those apples! How they danced round in the water, defying the fresh, eager, rosy lips that chased them! Amid a perfect shout of laughter, down would go a little chubby face, and up it would come again, dripping like Uddino, with sparkling drops of water—puffing and gasping with the merry struggle for victory. Nearly all were successful in the end, and then the tub was removed, and the crash laid between the folding doors, across which was stretched a rope, and tied to that a good sized paper bag, full of candy.

Beginning with the youngest, each child was now blindfolded, and armed with a stick, placed directly opposite the bag. On a given signal the little one would march forward and aim a blow at the candy, while the eager spectators looked on with intense anticipation. (Of course a failure produced great merriment, and this happened to all more than once—even the eldest ones who took a part in the amusement.)

At length, after each had made two trials, it came to my turn a second time, and I was lucky enough to strike the bag. Down came the delicious shower, and by the time I had got the handfulful from my eyes, every one was

upon the floor, shouting and laughing in the scramble to see who could get the largest quantity. I felt just then as if I belonged to the old "Goody Two Shoes" must have felt when she had made little ones happy, though I had really done nothing except to break a candy bag which other hands had filled for them. It is always pleasant to have even a little share in making children happy.

After the candy had been gathered up, and the youngsters had been led to their beds, some furniture-telling. Upon a table was placed three dishes, one empty, one containing clear water, one muddy water. The little Miss who dared to tempt dems-Vernons for information as to her future, was then placed near the table and told to close her eyes, while some one changed the position of the dishes. She was then led forward, turned round three times, and told to place her hand in one of them. If the empty dish her hand touched, she was to get a husband. If in the muddy water, a young man; if in the muddy, a lover. Three trials to this, also, were allowed, and the same thing twice out of the three trials, was the assurance that she would be either an old maid, or the wife of a young man, or of a widower.

Fortune-telling over, we had some nut and raisin and jokes—of course. Nuts and jokes should always be cracked together. Then came a rousing game of blind-man's-buff to close the evening; and you should have heard the merry rippling of laughter, seen the sparkling eyes, parted lips, and glowing cheeks, as the fastest blotted about, chased by the "blind man."

When we were all tired out there were late-takings, sweet kisses, and good-nights I followed by happy slumber and a sunny morning which ushered in "All Saints' Day."

BELLA Z. SPENCER.

OLD MAIDS.

How unjust, how cruel and heartless is the world toward the old maid! Receiving with favor the bachelor, it reviles the spinster, as though upon her forlorn self, culminated all the miseries of single cursedness. Yet in the heart of every old unmarried woman, lies a deep, unspoken tragedy. What trials, what afflictions, what sorrows have not schooled that now quiet heart!

What sublime, unknown, uncomprehended self-sacrifices have been needed in the past to produce the silent resignation of the present, who shall venture to say? Within such a heart there is buried a tragedy of fate, full of endless melancholy and renunciation; full of tranquil pains and inaudible plaints; full of desecrated, disappointed, derided, and, what is worse, of never comprehended longings.

How many have taken upon themselves the burden of a household, standing in the pass and warding off care and danger from those committed to their trust, toiling, striving, educating little brothers and dear young sisters, thinking not of themselves, but laying all upon the altar of duty, or perchance soothing the age of a cherished parent, going in and out for years, the heart throbbing with the hopes she had cherished blighted, withered, dead, of whom the world knows not. But her life is known of the angels; her name is spoken tenderly of them. Inasmuch as she has given so shall she receive; self-sacrifice and abnegation crowned at last for a life lost below, a crown gained above; for years of solitude an eternity of unending bliss. Old maids! may the blessing of God and little children be upon them!

SUDDEN DEATH.

We regret to record the death on Sunday, the 29th ultimo, of J. Barclay Harding, editor of the *Evening Telegraph* and Collector of Internal Revenue for the First District of Pennsylvania. He died suddenly of congestion of the brain. His death was entirely unexpected, as he was quite well until Saturday morning, when he complained of feeling unwell. No thought was entertained, however, of his death. In the conduct of the *Telegraph* he has manifested great energy, and the paper has been very successful.

NATIONAL COMMERCIAL COLLEGE LECTURE.—A course of sixteen lectures is to be delivered at the College Hall—in the Assembly Building. The first was delivered by John A. Owens, Esq., on "The Art of Rising in Life," on Thursday last.

NEW MUSIC.

"I AM DYING, EGYPT, DYING!" Words by W. H. LITTLE. Music by C. L. WARD. Published by D. P. Faulds, Louisville, Ky.
"FOREVER ROSE MARCH." For the piano, by C. KINKEL. Published by D. P. Faulds.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SCHMER SONGS." By H. H. M. Published by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia. A pretty little volume, with poems a good deal above the average order. There are some quaint, wild fancies, and some strong in passionate bursts of feeling. For the higher order of poetic beauty we look in vain; yet these "Schmerz Songs" will give pleasure to the not too fastidious reader.

"LIVINGSTON STORIES." By M. E. DODGE. Illustrated by F. O. C. Darley. Published by James O'Kane, New York.

"PAUL PRESCOTT'S CHARGE." A story for boys. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. Loring, publisher, Boston.

"BOYS AT CHEQUASSETT; OR, A LITTLE LADY." By the author of "Faith Gurney's Girlhood." Loring, publisher, Boston.

"COUNTERS KATE." By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Published by A. K. Loring.

"THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN IN GREEN." A Fairy tale. By UNA RAYN. Loring, publisher.

"PURE AIR."—The very first cause of nursing, the first and last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed, the first essential to a patient, without which all the rest you can do for him is as nothing, with which I had almost said you may leave all the rest alone, is this: To keep the air he breathes as pure as the external air, without chilling him. Yet what is so little attended to? Even where it is thought of at all, the most extraordinary misapprehensions reign about it.—*Fleming Nightingale.*

"GIF" A marble cross has been placed about eight feet from the spot where Mrs. Artwood was struck dead by lightning while ascending the Sabbath-school in Switzerland, while on her usual route. The cross is about three feet high, and is made of the same material as the cross which was placed on the spot where she died.

GET FREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. R. COREY.

Gone to the rest! Sad and weary-hearted,
Wounded with thy conscious failings many
a day,
From all the gloomy things of life long parted,
Blended to death with bloodhounds on thy
way.

Chilled with the shadows and the wild wind's
whirlings,
Treading with bleeding feet a desert shore,
Counting the time but by thy sick heart's throbbings—
A weary, weary tell—thank God! 'tis thine
no more!

Ah! who could guess its countless strokes of
madness,
Through all those later years of gathering ill?
No silver slaying of its mid-time gladness—
The chords are broken, the worn-out wheels
are still!

Long didst thou battle with the fate that bound
thee,
Long strive with powerless hand to break thy
chain;
And faster as the fetters gathered 'round thee,
Turn to escape and find it still in vain.

And onward eyes rolled on thy proud endeavor
To keep thy nobler spirit from the thrall;
And mocked then, as triumphant demons ever
Have mocked at Goliath while they wrought
his fall.

Tortured with agonies past all our dreaming,
Maddened by wrongs that stung thee every-
where,
What marvel if at last with vengeful seeming,
Thou gavest wrong for wrong in thy despair!

I cannot curse thee, though from all around me
I hear thy nobler spirit from the thrall;
I can but think of those old days that found
thee,
Through many a change, true-hearted all the
same.

Of long-gone days of pleasure's summer glancing,
That brightened o'er thy destiny and mine,
And quickened happy hearts and footsteps,
dancing.

Around thy home—beneath thy tree and vine,
Also for thee, and for the night that waited!
A starless night that showed no break of blue,
Till Death's white hand clasped thine, oh sorrow-
ful!

And lead thee toward the dawn that glimmered
of through.

They say thy one black crime hath no forgiv-
ing;
That God's sweet mercies cannot flow for thee.
Alas for us—as for all the living,
If one brief madman shapes eternity!

If one lone human heart that mourns thy sin-
ning,
Still finds for thee no bitterness, no blame,
Shall One who knows the end from the begin-
ning.

Foretells the frailty from His hand that came?
God forgive us, who are so unforgetting!
God shelter those to whom our doors are
barred!

Fold 'round them still the mantle of Thy loving,
And in Thy pity mete them their reward!

THE HEIRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BARBARA JOHN.

I.

Among the arrivals that were chronicled at
the St. Nicholas, on that beautiful June morn-
ing, were the names of "Hugh Stanmore, daugh-
ter, and niece, from Baltimore."

"There, girls, everything is in readiness,"
said Mr. Stanmore, as the last trunk was un-
strapped. "You will have two good hours be-
fore dinner; I shall not disturb you all that
time."

"We shall be in regular trim, uncle; I'm only
too impatient to begin my onslaught on these
Gothamites," and Claire Allison looked up
archly.

"You are a saucy little wretch; I'm more than
half afraid of your madcap whims."

"You needn't be, uncle; my charms are no-
thing solid. Milly's sure of being queen, that's
why she's so silent."

"Is that it, pet?" stooping to give a kiss to
the little body nestled away in the easy chair,
her travelling-trunk trailing on the carpet, and her
wealth of sunny curls falling in profusion over
her dust-covered mantle.

"I wish Rose was here."

"So do I," echoed Claire.

"Bravo! didn't you promise to wait on each
other; and looking out the very first morn-
ing?"

"Not quite that, pet—but I'm tired; and be-
sides we are all dead."

"A little exertion will soon rid you of this;
rest, and a bath, and you'll both be more com-
fortable. Good-bye till dinner," and the door
closed.

"Heigho! I wonder if there's many here,"
and Claire unlocked her boots. "Now, Miss
Milly, shall I take yours?" And she dropped on
one knee, and began operations.

"There, it's much as well as Rose would have
done it, and much quicker."

"I'm much obliged," said Milly, waking up
and dancing over the carpet in her stocking-
foot. "Now let us see which will be the pret-
tiest."

"Oh, as for that, Miss Stanmore the heiress!
I am only Miss Allison." There was no laughing
now.

"And what say you to taking my place, de-
aring the most dainty?"

"I should like it of all things; my conquests
would then be complete."

"Comments made with money, I should care
very little about."

"What would make any to the arrange-
ment?"

"Nothing against it, I dare say. If I am wil-
ling, he would not object."

as for plain dress, I am sure your wardrobe is
in exceedingly good taste."

"Oh, as for that matter, it would not do for
a clergyman's daughter to dress like the heiress
of Baltimore."

"Very well, you are the heiress; and I am
Milly Allison; don't mistake the names."

And the two girls ran on with their scheming,
Claire, arch and bright, teasing her little hand in
anticipation of the color that would be sure to
meet her, the compliments she would be sure to
win; Milly only thinking of the quiet she would
have—the ample time to study faces,
and character; and if she made any friends, she
would be sure to be for herself, and not for her
father's wealth—a drawback that she had felt
since her earliest remembrance.

"Ready, girls?" as Mr. Stanmore tapped at
the inner door.

"Wait a minute, uncle."

"I'm hungry as a bear."

"Miss Stanmore, if you please, uncle." And
Claire emerged, looking so arch and piquant—
royal as a young queen. She wore a dress of
lustrous green, with a wide, ruffled collar, and
exquisite fitting her well-rounded shoulders;
the delicate lace at her throat fastened by a
superb brilliant, diamond pendant in her ears,
with bracelet and rings in harmony. While
Milly followed, attired in the lightest and love-
liest blue dress, so cool and refreshing; her
hair like spun gold rippling in waves beneath the
most ravishing little net, the mingled odor of
violets and hellebore about her. It was as if
a white fairy cloud had floated up in a sea of
suns.

"Miss Stanmore; and this is Miss Allison, I
presume," as Milly sprang to her father's side,
and swung her white arms about his neck.

"What new whim is this, pet?"

"Only this, pet—Claire and I are to exchange
places for the next six weeks; she is to be the
heiress, and I am Milly Allison."

"And so you are to victimize your old uncle
into all the potting and canning that Milly is
entitled to; I see it all." And Uncle Stanmore
looked down into the laughing eyes that so
strongly reminded him of the darling sister that
used to be his pride and pet in that dear old
home, in the long ago.

"And supposing I can't remember?"

"Indeed you must, uncle."

"You have thought of the consequences; and
are willing to risk them?"

"That's the fun, uncle. We want to see what
people are made of."

"You mean, you want to see how much
genuine love there is in the world?"

"That's it, pet."

And a loving glance sank down into his
heart.

"Very well, Miss Stanmore, to dinner if you
please. Miss Allison, allow me!"

And Mr. Stanmore was seated with a lady on
each side. For a few moments hunger pre-
vailed. The soup was refreshing; then followed
the different courses. Claire found time to look
around a little; and Milly made silent obser-
vations.

"Fuss and feathers!" as Claire cracked
an almond, "that must be petroleum No.
one," throwing her eyes in the direction of a
pleasant-faced, red-haired little woman in a
fashionable dress, with broad gold bracelets
and heavy guard chain, almost large enough for
a cable to the Great Eastern.

"Dear me; that pretty little cap of hers
doesn't seem to harmonize. Bah! she looks
old."

"Hush, Claire, a good-natured little woman;
and if she's slipped into her honors late in life,
the more she enjoys them perhaps. Happiness
comes of contrast, variety is pleasing. This easy,
nonchalant life at the St. Nicholas, in strong
contrast with the old farm somewhere up among
the hills of Pennsylvania, and those daughters
of hers, out to see the sights, only think how
much they must enjoy it."

"You are always in the sunshine, Milly."

"Pictures usually look the best toned down a
little. Gas-light is preferable, you think."

"Well, girls, I feel better; shall we take a
walk down town, or do you prefer quiet this
evening?"

"No, indeed, uncle! Besides, Milly has an
errand at Stewart's."

"And that must be attended to. Who ever
heard of a lady coming to New York that didn't
have an errand at Stewart's?"

"They were soon ready, and two prettier
girls had not tripped over the steps of the St.
Nicholas on that bright June day than Claire
Stanmore and Milly Allison.

"They say he's rich, and she's an only
child," said Fred Gilmore, one of the most fac-
inating men of the day, to his friend Mark
Merton, a young lawyer, with dark hair and a
certain Byronic look about his mouth and chin.

"Lucky, isn't it? This is their first trip to
New York; they'll want to make the rounds;
out continually. If we can only manage to get
introduced. 'Specs they'll be at the hop this
evening.'"

"Of course, and that'll be the time; denoted
pretty girl, the daughter; the other, they say, is
only a niece, the child of a Methodist clergy-
man, not worth a stiver."

"Pretty for all that. What a pity she's
poor!"

"Night came; the elegant hall was filled;
chignons, waterfalls, curls, frissons, in bewil-
dering confusion; while fans fluttered, and
eyes sparkled, and the musicians poured forth
their enraptured notes."

"On with the dance, and all went merry as a
marriage bell."

By one of those happy coincidences that
always happen so charmingly at hotels, Fred
Gilmore was introduced to Miss Stanmore just
in time to escort her into the room, and right
regally they looked. Mamma's gaze, young
ladies smiled, and gentlemen nodded their heads;
the queenly bearing of Claire looking nothing but
contrast with those who had already made their
entrée. An elegant lace robe falling in rich
folds over a pink slip, fashioned low in the
neck, the sleeves looped up from round, polished
arms, on one of which coiled an exquisite gold
bracelet in the form of a serpent, whose eyes
were two glittering diamonds; and a few more
rose-buds in the heavy folds of glossy black
hair. Mr. Gilmore looked genial, and irresistible
as usual.

Some few moments afterwards Mr. Stanmore
and Miss Milly Allison, the latter in a simple
dress of white satin, high necked, with long
sleeves, closed at the wrist; an exquisite collar
of lace fastened at the throat with a few gem-
stones, her only ornament, her hair brushed
smoothly over her brow, and knotted up be-
hind, leaving a few curls to fall gracefully over
a dainty pearl comb, cool and quiet, so charm-
ingly natural, and at home; all looked up pleased
and satisfied, but with none of the awe and ad-
miration with which Miss Stanmore had been
greeted.

For a few moments she stood, as curiously
Mr. Stanmore talked to her of the place, the
people, and their manners, in that quiet un-
derstone which well-bred persons often use to
say witty and caustic things of their neigh-
bors. Then they found themselves where the
side of life surged deepest, and Miss Allison's
hand was claimed for a dance just forming.

Mr. Stanmore resigned his charge to her part-
ner with a smile; then, as they took their
place, he moved away in search of Mr. Ashley,
the only one whom he happened to meet at the time
that he knew. Mr. Ashley was a man of this
generation, well versed in stocks, and just now
the cynosure of J. J. eyes, having cleared some-
thing very handsome in his late speculations in
the oil regions; and very soon a spirited discus-
sion was commenced and carried on, Mr. Stan-
more bringing out with well meaning tact the
new man whom he had known years before as a
day laborer. But this did not in the least
lower him in the estimation of the old capitalist.
Mr. Stanmore was one of those benevolent,
whole-souled men, perfectly willing that one
should float out of lower into a higher atmos-
phere, provided they could readily do so. In
his younger days he was perfectly well ac-
quainted with the "bulls" and "bears" in Wall
street. Now he listened complacently, assenting
just enough to keep his companion in counte-
nance.

"Here you are, pet! Oh, I'm so glad!" and a
little fussy, fixed-up woman laid her hand on
Mr. Ashley's arm.

"My wife, Mr. Stanmore, Mr. Stanmore, of
Baltimore, Susan."

"I've heard tell of you, Mr. Stanmore. Happy
to see you," and Mrs. Ashley bowed till the
little red curls seemed like falling.

"If Mr. Stanmore will excuse me, I want you
to speak to Miss Jane a moment, she's so ter-
ribly imprudent," and away the "pater-familias"
went to lay down the rule in the case of Eliza
Jane.

"My dear Mr. Stanmore, we are so glad to
welcome you to New York again," and Mrs.
Aspen held out her hand.

"It hardly seems long, Mrs. Aspen. While I
have been growing perceptibly older, you have
certainly stood still," and a pleasant smile
gleamed on Mr. Stanmore's face.

"Indeed, sir, I feel quite old, Bessie," turning
to a beautiful girl at her side, "was hardly out
of the cradle the last time you dined with us,
now she's talking of leaving me," and the mother
looked proudly as some mothers do when their
daughters are about to make an eligible match.

To tell the truth Bessie Aspen was a splendid
looking girl, and one that might have counted
personal attractions sufficient to afford a reason-
able prospect of an eligible husband, provided
her father had not been the possessor of a dollar
in the world, and very prettily she looked now
in her rose-colored silk, the delicate lace bertha
and flounces of real material, and quite the
envy of half the ladies in the room. Mrs. Aspen,
rependent in mauve colored robe, heavy with
richness, softened by a shawl of pointed lace,
cast with studied carelessness about her shoulders,
falling away gracefully from the finely developed
bust, and mingling with under-eloquence of the
same costly fabric.

Through the exquisite pattern of these, light
and beautiful as frost-work pictures, flashed and
burned a diamond bracelet, matched at the
throat by a brooch that represented to the
gleek eyes of Mr. Stanmore a goodly number of
Mr. Aspen's thousands.

Her head-dress was a marvel of French taste
and beauty, a half wreath of clematis drooping
low upon the neck, and besprinkled with drops
of crystal, like gems of dew. Whether her
cheek owed its freshness to the excitement of the
occasion, or to some more enduring cosmetic,
it was not easy to decide. But her words had
all the charm of youthfulness.

"Your daughters are positively charming, Mr.
Stanmore. I can hardly keep my eyes away
from them. I had always supposed you had but
one child."

"That is all. The other is my niece, Miss Al-
lison."

"That is Miss Stanmore, ma, the one in pink,
with lace over it, black hair and such sparkling
eyes. Isn't she splendid?"

"She is certainly. Your niece is a different
style of beauty. Still she has a very sweet look
—so plain and elegant. A mind of her own, I
should fancy, that she thus presumes to wear her
hair in the way it was worn years ago."

"She is a very amiable and sweet-natured
child, not apting to be anything more than
natural." And the father's eye rested lovingly
on his so-called niece.

By this time there was a virtual change of
partners. Miss Aspen walked off with Mr. Mor-
ton, her lover—and the mother made place for
Mr. Freeman, who had long been waiting to
speak to Mr. Stanmore. He remembered that
good, benevolent face at a glance; it was the
same, only a little older as years ago, when as a
poor boy he had stood at the rich man's door
and asked his influence in winning a clerkship
in a banking house in a foreign city. It was
granted. Fifteen years of consecutive business,
with prudent investments had made Mr. Free-
man a rich man. He had returned only the last
winter, and was living in elegant bachelor quar-
ters on the Hudson, and it was by mere accident
that he chanced to be one of the guests.

The meeting was a pleasant one to both
parties. Mr. Stanmore remembering perfectly
well the frank, free-hearted lad, who had gone
to tell his story with such a manly seriousness.
He had wondered so often how the boy was get-
ting on.

"You are not to return to England?"

"Not at present, if ever."

"Your family, I believe are here."

"A mother and sister were all I had. They
both died while I was abroad, and the voice
was low and husky."

"We shall remain here three weeks," said Mr.
Stanmore. "Then on to Saratoga and the White
Mountains. Let us see you as often as pos-
sible."

"We, means your family?" said Mr. Freeman,
with a smile.

"My daughter and niece, beg pardon. I
thought you had been presented. Miss Stan-
more, Mr. Freeman, Miss Allison."

Both ladies bowed, and Mr. Stanmore felt
only too glad to escape saying his daughter, he
would leave the rest to be inferred.

Strange to say Mr. Freeman, who had only just
a moment before expressed his intention of leaving
suddenly changed his mind, giving his arm to
Miss Allison; they joined the promenade,
while Mark Merton and Miss Stanmore strolled
off to the refreshment room, leaving the old

merchant again to the mercy of the random few
he might remember.

The next half hour was a delicious one to
Claire Stanmore, looking down into the blue eyes
of the golden-haired, white-robed vision at his
side, the graceful abandon, and childlike frank-
ness, without art or manœuvre, so bewitchingly
sweet and lovely, the only one in the room with
hair lying soft and smooth above her brow. How
he longed to put his hands on it caressingly,
and murmur "God bless you," as he used to do
with that fairy-like sister Edith. "Edith would
have made just such another," he said to him-
self, as he led her back to her uncle, and made
his good-night.

"Are you ready to go now?" asked Mr. Stan-
more.

"Quite ready; and here comes Claire."

"Well, girls, the evening has met your hopes,
your expectations?"

"I expected very little," said Milly, "and
must say I have reaped abundantly."

"And I expected a great deal, and have not
been disappointed. O, but you did look so sweet,
Milly; you are one of the very few that need
no decoration. What say you, uncle? Did
you ever see Milly look so well?"

"She looked well to me; but you are mis-
taken about her being one of a few. Not a
lady there but would have looked twice as
well in plain hair and less of ornament."

"Perhaps so," and Claire bent a tattoo with
the toe of her white slipper. "If the gentle-
man would all say so, it might easily be brought
about. As it is, fashion is arbitrary, and it is
only once and awhile one that can defy her."

"A kiss, girls, and sleep now. Mind you
don't talk the night away like a couple of mag-
pies. There are conquests by day-light as well
as at night—to bed quickly."

II.

Three weeks had nearly passed, and a merry
ride had it been to Claire Stanmore. Walks and
rides through the Park and up Broadway, the
regal magnificence of private buildings and pub-
lic edifices, breaking upon her in bewildering
beauty; dinner, parties, hops, to say nothing of
the bolton, and countless number of beaux that
everywhere followed in her train.

But Claire was not puffed up, possessed of a
vaire, loving heart, with a little, larking
ambition; she was not one to be bought. She
loved wealth not for itself, but what it could
bring; she delighted in the beautiful, in the
cultivation of all the esthetic tastes and ex-
quisite surroundings of daily life. This was the
affect. Wealth was the lever, the main-spring,
and if it brought not these, it was useless to
her. She had no wish to hoard. Misery was to
be assuaged, the benevolent feelings grati-
fied, and human life lifted to a higher stand-
point.

Hence she did not bow down to one merely
that they were rich. Nevertheless it was an
accidental that she would not have liked to
miss. And her admirers, while she had talked,
laughed, sung, and danced, not one had
touched her heart. And perhaps it was this
very reason that rendered her so arch and tan-
taling, so charming, gay, and tender, then
calm and dignified like a royal dahlia, with the
impassioned sublimity sleeping in her heart.

While Milly had floated on the topmost
wave of kindly favor, careless, free, and happy
as a child, girdled round by love, her heart
filled with a sweet, glad content.

Emminently a social being, she had entered
into all that society offered, with the gushing
abandon, the just appreciation and keen sense
of delight. Thinking little of self and more of
others, she was ever welcome as a most genial
companion, the young finding pleasure, and the
old delight, in the quiet undercurrent of good
feeling and pleasant remark.

But the time had nearly gone, and there sat
the two girls toasting their playful badinage.

"Are you not afraid you are going a little
too far with Mr. Gilmore, Claire?" and Milly's
face took a serious expression.

"I think not. I believe I understand him."

"I can't help but think he does really care
for you; and Mark Merton, too."

"If I thought they did, I would cut off my
right hand rather than to allow them to say all
the sentimental nonsense I have obliged myself
to listen to. But, Milly, mortifying as it is, I
have never felt that their homage belonged to
any other than Miss Stanmore, the heiress; that
they will both have a question to ask before we
have I have not a doubt, and when they come
to know that I am penniless their love will
evaporate. It is sufficiently humbling, but
strange to say, it has quite the contrary effect
upon me, making me right proud, and causing me
to worship goodness and truth as I never
should without this lesson. I have heard it
said, and I have sometimes remarked it myself,
'that money was the standard,' but I never
realized it as now. Still, all are not so, and
Claire's eyes dropped.

"Mr. Freeman does not measure a man by
that standard."

"What are you saying of Mr. Freeman?"
and Mr. Stanmore joined the group.

"Only this, uncle; that Mr. Freeman would
not measure his love for a person by their
wealth or position in society."

"I should think not; Mr. Freeman is a man
of rare worth, and more than ordinary mental
culture. His youth was passed in poverty—he
knows what it is to battle with difficulties;
battle and overcome. He sees life from a higher
stand-point than most men; he is true to him-
self, not biased by prejudice or dwarfed by
bigotry. One meets with but few such men in a
lifetime. But what say you, I have promised
to spend the day with him to-morrow."

"I have no doubt it will be charming; but
what shall we do?"

"Why, you are to go of course."

"To his house? Why I thought he was a
bachelor."

"Why not a bachelor keep house, and enter-
tain lady visitors? He has a staid, matronly
housekeeper."

"I own I should like of all things to see his
place, but the entire day may be rather too
much."

"We shall see. But look—it is nearly time
for dinner. And afterwards what?" and Mr.
Stanmore looked questioningly.

"After dinner, Claire rides with Mr. Gilmore;
and I finish up a little shopping, and perhaps
look at a few pictures with Mr. and Mrs. Wil-
son."

That evening, as the last red rays slanted
across the Hudson, passing in through the rift
of green leaves and honey-suckle, shedding a
soft light upon the rich carpet, and gliding a
marble-topped table, covered with from mag-
nolias and nosegays, a soft ample and luxu-
rious with its broad, deep cushions; indeed there
is no lack of furnishing to render comfortable

the inmate of that charming dwelling, who may
step in a morning mood by the table in a good
easy chair.

His countenance is one remarkable for its
expression of high-toned sentiment; his is a
clear, penetrating eye, looking kindly out from
beneath a broad forehead. Extreme benevo-
lence is written on every line of that face, which
seems the reflection of a heart overflowing with
will towards all mankind. Yet over it there
gleams a kind of melancholy as if that eye might
look often upon life's shadow as well as its sun-
light.

He looks out into the sunshine, and is in-
stantly carried back to the long years gone
when a happy boy he played with a golden-
haired sister under the trees that shaded a cot-
tage home. He is not the skillful musician, the
accomplished dancer of yesterday, as he sits
there with the cushions dancing on the wall,
for his spirit seems to have plunged into the
fabled fountain, and he is a child again. But
there is the sadness of retrospection, not the joy
of anticipation in his reverie.

Taking from next his heart an exquisite man-
ner of likeness of the faces he loves so well, he
gazes long and earnestly upon them. The strong
earliest man is bowed, tears fall on the polished
ivory, and glitter upon a sunny front that has
not faded like the fair hand where once it
rested. Then rousing himself he murmurs half
aloud,

"I am wrong to weep
That ye have left life's shadows,
And do possess the deep."

And rising he says, "What is upon me this
evening? Has the substance a vision that I
should speak to me?" And going to the library
he tried to divert himself with a book; but
strange as it may seem, from the well-worn
shelves he could find nothing congenial to his
present feelings; but there is a worn volume
which his mother used to read, which he turns
back, and finds on its pages a letter for the
son's healing—and he is again the young,
earnest man.

The next morning, much to the surprise of
Mark Merton, who is lounging idly, an open

one through the little door into the garden. Claire, as usual, dashed and tumbled. Milly, like some sweet singing bird, a bobolink, in a field of clover, or a humming bird in a thicket of roses, laughing and chattering in her quiet, pleasant way; and the eyes of the two gentlemen could hardly help following as her gold sprinkled head bobbed out from behind a cluster of roses, or the white stones at the fountain, bounding up the walk after Claire, putting her sportively with the crimson leaves.

Not long, and they were forced to join her, grave subjects were not to be thought of, beside the heat was beginning to be oppressive. Mr. Freeman turned into a side path, and into a little arbor sheltered from the sun, and still commanding a fine view of the river.

"This is my thought land, my dream palace, when I am a little homesick," and a gentle smile stole up into the eyes.

"Homesick, Mr. Freeman? I did not know that gentlemen ever indulged in such luxury. And Milly looked up, archly, a sweet pouting, laden with pink and white blossoms trailing over her shoulder, and contrasting prettily with her dress of white Organdy.

A tremor stole about the mouth of Clyde Freeman, she looked so very like what Edith might have been, and try as he would he could not escape a sigh as he thought of their cold, hard life; the mother with her patient, daily toll, could she only have lived all now, and see that his effort had been crowned with success, and Edith, the pale, feeble little thing, that had tried to bear bravely, to help, thus early burdened beyond her strength, her young life trodden out, and he so far away, working steadily. Now he had come. Too late! too late!

"I should almost think myself in the garden of Eden, Mr. Freeman. I imagine our first parents enjoyed a more delicious morning," and Mr. Stanmore smiled himself.

"It is not altogether a strange idea. It would not be difficult to imagine my guests the Eve of any Eden," was the coolly rejoinder.

A servant brought in a lunch on a chased silver waiter; white fluffy cake, strawberries, a pitcher of rich cream, with the same from a lively conversation, moved, notwithstanding the heat. Then to the house with easy grace and abandon of children.

"This must be Mr. Freeman's sister," as Milly wandered down the hall and stood at an open door directly opposite a sweet child face, the soft blue eyes full of arch mirth, the ruby lips as if about to unclose, the velvety softness of the cheek rounded in beauty, with masses of sunny curls falling on bare, white shoulders. A lovely face, and still a look of sadness. Instinctively the soft eyes filled with tears. "Mrs. Talbot," and Milly looked round, only to see Mr. Freeman.

"Yes, that is a picture of Edith; may I tell you about her some time," and he looked tenderly at the blushing cheek and tear-dimmed eyes.

"A lovely face! I should like to know about her, if it will not trouble you, Mr. Freeman."

"Sometimes I must tell you," and he closed the door, as Claire came up with her gay badinage. Flitting through the elegant rooms, rare paintings were found, and old prints overthrown with the bison, and art designs the owner had gathered in a lifetime, and light words and quaint speeches, bright, sparkling, Mr. Stanmore finding it difficult at times to answer with propriety when Claire addressed him as Pa, or Milly as Uncle. Still he did not commit himself.

"I am almost sorry the day is done," as the rounds made, Mr. Stanmore stepped on to the veranda, "I ordered the carriage at such an hour, and here it is." Many were the kind words said by the old housekeeper, as the girls made themselves in readiness for the ride.

"What say you to joining us at Saratoga or the White Mountains, Mr. Freeman?"

"It is not impossible but you may see me at the mountains," and the carriage whirled away.

"A real white day, wasn't it?" and Milly was silent.

III.

It was the crowning of the season when Mr. Stanmore reached Saratoga. Such a gay, bustling, butterfly place, Claire was in her element, but Milly wished to be back again at the mountains. What new revelations were opened to her, this little city girl, just fresh from her books, her heart full of all sweet thoughts and purposes; unknown of care or sorrow, a constant trill of gladness welling up and brimming over refreshing as water in a thirsty hand. Brought face to face with the glory and sublimity of the mountains, everything else seemed to sink into insignificance.

More than this, Clyde Freeman made one of the number, and borne out on this man's speech, she had felt a nervousness to his presence, who created and who holds all things in his keeping. The giant mountain towering to the skies, the tiny steam on the shaded shore each in his own. What a sense of security, and she wondered, knowing so little as she did of care how anybody could be troubled.

And thus it was up among the hollows, the shade so dense and thick the sun never came, Clyde Freeman told Milly of Edith, and what she was to him in that old home years ago; told with the tears in his eyes of the old, hard struggle with poverty, and how at last the mother had fallen to the path, then Edith, while Milly could not speak for the sorrow she felt to see this man that she had thought so strong thus bowed in his anguish.

Saying this he was done, and Milly was too simple-hearted to dream that he might have another history to disclose some time farther on, and then as he talked of the beauty and grandeur that surrounded them, she seemed to gather new light, and to look at men and things from a new standpoint.

While Claire was satisfied without thing herself, as she said, down in the giddy, crowded life at the hotel, absorbed by the excitement of the moment, and listening to the pretty nothings of her crowd of quondam admirers, visiting of course the most popular resort, but never drawing near the awful stillness of the summit, from the height of which she would have turned with disgust on the petty expeditions where they flattered and laughed in their gay dresses, and returned, bringing nothing with them.

So now Mr. Stanmore was at the United States. "Come, Milly," said Claire, "let's go down and take a glass of champagne, and a stroll in the park. It's so pleasant this morning," and away they went for their afternoon.

"It seems we are just in time, ladies, or have you a particular engagement?" and Mr. Gilmore bowed gracefully.

"It is too charming to stay in the hotel; we are only bound for the open air."

"And you will suffer us to join you?" as Mr. Freeman made his appearance.

"With pleasure," and they numbered out in that crowd "doles for doles" manner, passed to the gay left, further on to where the trees were thickest, and the shade the heartiest, the hum of carriage wheels softened by distance, and the light laugh and sparkling just like the faint murmur of an echo.

"A charming, careless life people live here, but I had so much rather have stayed at the mountains," and Milly plucked a tiny blue flower, and looked down into its azure cup.

"These were charming days, and I am not at all surprised that you should prefer them to the artificial glare, blinding, darning perhaps, but bringing unrest; those lovely views how vividly they come back again, something to dream over in my bachelor home, and that makes me think I must go to-morrow."

"So soon," and there was a perceptible start. "What think you of my home, Milly, I did not hear your opinion?"

"I thought you knew that. It was charming."

"Would you be satisfied with such a home?"

"Satisfied, I should be delighted."

"Will you accept of mine?"

"Why what do you mean?" and Milly raised her wondering eyes, never once dreaming of the exact purport of his words.

"I mean will you come to my home, will you be my wife, the darling to fill my heart so long desolate?"

"You really love me? I had not dreamed of this," and her blue eyes filled.

"You do not refuse, you will love me?" and his lip met hers.

"I do love you—but, do you know that I am penniless?"

"I do not ask a fortune. Your love, is it mine?"

"All if you wish it."

While these two were walking in elysian fields, Claire and Mr. Gilmore had reached the hotel, surmising that a crisis was at hand, and feeling perhaps a little guilty. Tired at least of the part she was acting, Claire listened to Mr. Gilmore, then referred him to Mr. Stanmore, and smilingly said, she supposed, "It would make no difference with his love whether she was daughter or niece, she could of course trust that."

"I had supposed—" and his lip was colorless, whether from emotion or passion Claire could hardly tell, "my love will of course be the same, but delay will be necessary," and he bowed himself out, muttering between his teeth: "Had I followed my better nature, it would have been all right; the other was by far the prettiest, and turns out to be the heaviest."

That night Mr. Freeman made one in the little circle that met in Mr. Stanmore's private parlor.

"So this experiment of yours has exploded," giving Claire's ear a slight pinch.

"Lost and won, uncle," with a sly look at Milly. "I must say, considering, you did very well not to expose us. I am much obliged, and thoroughly satisfied, dear uncle."

"And are you sure there will be no regret, no longings to see a certain person that shall be nameless?"

"Bah! uncle. It was not me at all, but my reported wealth. I have always loved money for what it brings, but in this case it only brought a counterfeit, worthless as so much dross. Friendship is too sweet, love too holy, to be bought with money. My life will be the happier for this lesson—there are no regrets."

TO MY ABSENT LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WILLIAM ADRIAN HUNTLEY.

My heart is with my absent love,
Gay though I seem to be;
When other forms around her move,
Oh, does she think of me?
I wonder does she sing my song?
My presence does she keep?
And sometimes steal from Pleasure's throng,
To sit with them and weep?

I would not seek to dry those eyes,
But let the tears flow on;
One silent drop far more I prize
Than any smile I've known.
For though I cannot hear her tread,
Still true this heart shall be;
Her smiles for others may be ebed,
But, oh! her tears for me.

The days would move with lagging pace,
The nights would endle seem,
If memory could not see her face,
And fancy could not dream
Of her, my sweetest dreams must be,
Her love I'll ne'er resign;
And while she sheds one tear for me,
I'll still believe her mine.

Captain Dick's Lady-Love.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I confess that I am of a jealous disposition. Richard knew that, perfectly well, when I married him. I myself am a plain little woman as far as face goes, with very little that I can think of to recommend me; and Dick, oh, he is such a handsome fellow, and had always had the reputation of being such a big flirt, before he became acquainted with me. Whatever he could see about me to prove so attractive—he who had been a "lion among ladies," who shone in society—I could not quite understand; so when he offered me his hand in marriage, I thought it only prudent to speak a sober word to him—and I assure you I took great credit to myself for it at the time, when I wanted nothing but to throw myself into his arms and rest against his broad breast in perfect peace, without a question. But Aunt Julia (who has had experience, and whose heart is so large and warm) warned me once so earnestly, against the risk I might run, with my impulsive disposition, that I—in short, I said this to Dick:

"You know that I love, oh, I love you—with all my heart. There is no one in this world for me, save you, and never will be. But, darling, don't think me foolish, will you? I am so plain, and I have no accomplishments whatever; I neither play the piano, nor sing, nor dance, nor any of those things; and I don't know what should make you love me at all; and I am half afraid you will tire of me sometime—men do such things, Dick—and then I should get fear-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.
SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.
UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

MRS. BELLA E. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and EDWARD DRAGON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT.

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWERS," "THE REVEREND," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c. has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST: A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the people of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA E. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.

FLORENCE PERCY, Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.

Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, Author of "This, That, and the Other."

STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD, Author of "Five Mile," &c.

Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," &c.

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All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with

ORIGINAL MATTER.

The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

light years off. I said you were in a hurry. I think the morning will be. It is according to the measure I took of your hand that day when you told me on your lap. You did not know what this bit of red tape meant, then, did you, Captain Dick? Was it when you "sawed and sawed," and think sometimes of the given. Your little friend,

LILLIAN CARR.

"Dr. Seelye" was the first question I asked, after reading it through, "how do you happen to know this letter in your possession, if it was written by my husband?"

"The simplest explanation, my dear Mrs. Carrington. When Captain Dick got that ball in his side, you know, he lay under my care for over a week, and one day as I was doing up some packages of medicine, I was short of paper, and asked him if he had any old letter or anything that I could use. He replied that there were some letters of his to me, and I took them. I took them and read them. It was Dick's well-known hand-writing.

Dear LILLIAN—Graciously obliged for your kind letter, which I shall long preserve for the giver's sake. As your present thanks, and assurance that I shall never forget your dear little face so long as I live. Hope sometimes to see you once more. Yours truly,

RICHARD HARKNESS.

Was ever woman more fully authorized in entertaining jealousy than was I, after reading these affectionate missives? Is it strange that there came into my eyes that light which I do believe is the light of love in the world—which provokes to murder, to every wrong, to all possible cruelties?

I felt the blood sear from my face as I read, and I dropped my hands upon my lap, clenching that hateful paper in my darling Dick's own writing, and bowed my head and closed my eyes, while my lip quivered uncontrollably. At the same time, I hated myself for the lap that had got into my heart; and I hated Mrs. Seelye worse than I did myself a good deal.

"My dear Mrs. Carrington," I heard him commence in his whispering tone, "don't allow yourself to give way to your feelings. You have a friend here—a true friend, whose pride it will ever be to serve you."

He leaned over me and took my hand. I think I stretched it from his clammy touch about as quickly as I ever did anything in my life.

"Dr. Seelye," I said, "my husband's enemy cannot be my friend. It does not matter who this woman is, nor what Dick has done. He is my husband. I shall send these letters to him, and have his explanation."

It was now his turn to pale. But I spent no time in observing his countenance. I retired to my chamber, and—Well, I may as well confess that the first thing that I did was to wash the hand that he had touched.

And then I set down to consider the case of this Mr. Richard Harkness, who was spending his previous time in stirring with black-eyed Southern maidens, forgetting—forgetting—And then I began to cry.

That passed over, after a little, and I again returned to the solemn duty in hand.

"Oh, Lillian Carr," I cried, "wherever you are, you little know what pain you have made for one poor heart! For I give you the credit of believing that you are ignorant that this handsome captain has a wife who worships him."

The more I read the letter the better I was satisfied she was a pure-hearted girl—there was such a wave of innocence about it—it was so sweet and childlike. Why, perhaps it is only some little girl, after all! The blood rushed to my face in a glad current at this thought. This would account for her sitting on his lap, putting her little hands about his dear curly head to measure it, making him a smoking-cap, sending her portrait to him and receiving his in return, begging him to come and see her once more. Why, then, if it is a little girl—Brother Ben, oh, dear, just look at this! "Brother Ben," who died twelve years ago, when I was only eight years old. Then she is twenty now—exactly my own age. Ah, me!

As for the genuineness of the letters, there was not a loophole for a ray of hope in that direction. Their genuineness was unquestionable. The lady's letter was stamped and postmarked in the most crushing, practical manner. Besides, Dick had an old habit of taking letters from his pocket when he was sitting smoking his cigar after dinner, and this letter had been full of pin-holes; and this letter had been written on the same kind of paper that he used in writing to me, with his monogram stamped on it—R. H. Harkness.

In the most graceful manner—the prettiest monogram I ever saw. And if any one could be deceived in Richard's handwriting, it was not I—no, no—the dearest finger that ever existed could not imitate the writing of that man, to deceive my sight, for I read his words always with my heart as well as with my eyes.

I wrote and tore up a dozen letters that day. I, who pride myself on my definiteness with the pen, was completely confounded now. And as I am confessing my sins freely, I shall confess, also, that one of the letters I wrote was to Miss Lillian Carr herself. But I brushed deep for shame after I had written it; so gross a piece of ill-breeding as related to her—no disgraceful, too, to Richard and my trust in him. Nothing but this jealous lap that ruled me could have given birth to such an act. I tore that letter into very small bits indeed.

And at last my letter to Dick was written and despatched. It contained these two letters, stated how I got them, and only added, "Oh, Dick, dear, dear Dick, what do you mean?"

As soon as the letter had gone, I felt a remarkable degree of satisfaction and relief. I had done my duty. I had done the thing Dick told me to do, I over saw a case arose; and having done this, I felt that there was nothing else in the world for me to do. I had now only to wait, come joy or pain.

In due time I got my husband's reply. It enclosed a portrait of Lillian Carr, and if ever I knew the countenance of a photograph with all my heart and soul, it was the face of that same person, Lillian Carr, who that looked out at me with shining eyes, all tears of mingled shame and gladness filled my own.

And this was LILLIAN Carr! A poor little fellow leaning wearily upon a cane and a crutch—a man in years, but a child in stature, and in heart. The son of a wealthy planter, Dick wrote, he had been reared on the household pet, and shielded carefully from rude contact with the world. His mother had sought to secure him by teaching him needlework, and day after day he would sit upon his bed making little gifts for those he loved. In his strange moments—which sometimes lasted for several days together—he was permitted to walk about the streets of the place, with a servant following at a respectful distance to watch over him. One day my husband met the little fellow in the street, and took him kindly by the hand, winning his innocent heart as he always wins to him the pure and good. His name was Lillian, but to make it even more soft and petting, it had been changed to Lillie.

I sent for Dr. Seelye the morning after the letter came. Annie had dispensed with his services about the time of our last interview. He came, and when I entered the parlor, where he waited, advanced with both hands extended, and his great smooth-shaven, bearded face wreathed with a disarming smile, exclaiming,

"My dear Mrs. Carrington, this is an unexpected pleasure, truly."

"Please be seated, sir," I said, in a tone that froze all the warmth out of his moist face; and down he sat.

"I have received a letter from my husband," said I, "regarding the letters which you stole out of his pocket when he was sick. I hate you for that mean act."

"Madam," he ejaculated, with a faint attempt at bluster, "how dare you? I will not remain to be thus—ab—calumniated."

"But I choose," said I, "that before you go, you should gaze on Miss Lillian Carr's portrait. You should have seen the stare with which he greeted it."

"That is Miss Lillian Carr," said I. "I have only to add, that I do not act of penance—to tell you that I am ashamed, utterly ashamed, at my conduct under your skillful management, and to say that in future I prefer that we should be entire strangers to each other."

Thus came down the good stick of that ugly rocket.

A March Upon Snow-Shoes.

In the winter of 1812, the preparations made by the United States for an attack on the Canadian frontier, induced the military authorities to direct a regiment to be forwarded from New Brunswick to Quebec without delay. The distance to be thus traversed exceeded five hundred miles; an intimation of the intended move having been given some time previously, the garrison of New Brunswick had been anxiously exercised in marching and manoeuvring on snow-shoes. The corps selected for this purpose was the old 104th, which was disbanded a few years after. It had originally been raised in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and was composed almost entirely of natives of the British North American colonies, a station from which it had never been removed. The effort thus made was then a novelty in the annals of British arms, and it still remains unique, having never been repeated since. In 1838, indeed, it is true, two regiments, the 43d, and subsequently, the 55th, were sent from St. John's, New Brunswick, to Quebec, by the same route; but in those cases the men were carried on sleighs, a certain number of which were attached to each company, and thus the chief difficulty of the undertaking was avoided altogether.

In the following pages we purpose giving an account of the march of the 104th, by extracts, verbatim, from the notes of one of the officers, whose journal is now in the possession of the writer of the present article. In order, however, to give our readers a correct idea of the difficulties of the march, it will be desirable, in the first instance, to describe the snow-shoes and some other requisites for such a journey. Of snow-shoes there are several kinds, but those supplied to the 104th appear to have been the most commonly used sort, resembling a racket in shape, and about three feet long by fifteen inches wide, made of the tough and elastic wood of the hickory—the network to support the foot being strongly interlaced thongs of the dressed hide of the caribou deer or moose, often erroneously called the elk. These thongs, when properly dressed, never absorb moisture, but continue elastic—a very great point, as any decrease of elasticity produces much additional fatigue to the wearer. There are two light cross-pieces to connect the framework; and at about nine inches from the front, and in rear of the first cross-piece, is an aperture to allow play for the toes, a leather strap being passed over it, to prevent the toes slipping—the foot at the same time being firmly bound with a long roll of flax, passed over the toes and round the heel. These shoes, when dry, weigh about a pound and a half; when soaked with wet, full half a pound heavier; the cost, at the time of which we write, being about sixteen shillings currency per pair. The strain caused by lifting the snow-shoe, especially if heavy with moisture, causes an intolerable pain in the tendon Achilles, known by the Canadians as *le mal de raquettes*, which, with beginners, necessitates frequent halts.

The moccasin or slipper to be worn with the snow-shoe is also an article of consequence, for unless it be well prepared, it becomes speedily saturated with wet snow. It should fit easily over two or three pair of woollen socks, so as to keep the feet warm and soft. The best material is the skin of the moose, or buffalo-hide or ox hide well tanned and soaked in brine for twenty-four hours; when half dry, soaked in train oil for several days, until completely saturated, and then gradually dried at a distance from the fire: prepared in this way, they last a long time without imbibing wet.

The next article of importance for the track is the toboggan, or Indian sledges, for carrying baggage and provisions. This is a light sledge, formed of hickory or ash planks, scarcely a quarter of an inch thick, about six feet long, and one foot wide, so as to run in the track of a snow-shoe. The end of the toboggan is turned up like the fingers of a hand half shut, in order to throw off the snow; and attached to it on each side are two small sticks, which form the sides of the vehicle, and prevent articles from falling off. A man can draw one of these toboggans with a hundred weight on it far more easily than carry a knapsack. Having made these few preliminary observations, we will let the officer speak for himself.

"On one occasion, previous to our march, our worthy Governor, General Smyth, who was drilling us, in his anxiety to correct some mis-

take, forgot that he was on snow-shoes, and moving too hastily, tripped, and suddenly vanished under three or four feet of snow. The snow being very light, instantly covered him, and the place was only marked by an indentation in the snow. Several of us ran to his assistance; but our determined chief joined in the laugh against himself, and would allow no one to assist him. He had been long in the country before, and the modesty and decency with which he criticized himself turned the accident, ludicrous, as it was, into a useful lesson. Uttering one of his snow-words, he placed it flat on the snow, raised himself by putting his elbow on it, then knelt upon it, and did it on again, and once more regained the surface."

"The winter was very severe; more snow had fallen than during the nine preceding years. On the 5th of February, the day on which the order for our march was published, the thermometer stood at seventeen degrees below zero."

"Every arrangement having been completed on the 16th of February, 1812, the headquarters of the grenadier company, with which I was, started. It was arranged that a battalion company should follow each day, and the light company, as rear-guard, start last on the following Sunday."

"As we left Fredericton our key-bugles struck up the lively notes of the *Girl I Left Behind Me*. We presented, I fear, a very unsightly aspect. The men in their winter clothing, consisting of flannel overalls, for caps, and fur mits, were divided into squads. Each squad marched in Indian file (of course on snow-shoes), followed by its toboggan, the knapsacks, arms, and provisions being fastened on the latter. The provisions were somewhat scanty, consisting of one biscuit and three-quarters of a pound of salt pork per man per diem. A small allowance of tea or portable soup in lieu of the pork would have been a great improvement. It had originally been intended to send parties of Indians in front to construct the wigwags for our night's rest, at the end of each fifteen miles; this, however, was not done."

"The first seven days being through well-settled country, were comparatively easy marching, although the snow was deep, but on the 29th our troubles began. This day we had to cut ourselves for the bays we had hitherto found were to be met with no longer. The march had been very fatiguing, the snow falling thickly, and we had often lost our track. Carelessness sometimes caused a man to fall into the deep snow, an accident which of course delayed all in the rear of him for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, until he could be extricated from his cold bath. The inconvenience of these delays was found to be so great, that it was determined to march on and leave the unlucky wight to scramble out as well as he could, a by no means easy matter. This resolution made all very careful to avoid accidents. In order to relieve the men, each officer and man took his place in turn to break the road, by marching as leader for ten or fifteen minutes, then stepping a pace aside, and letting the squad pass him, he would throw off his snow-shoes, and march on the hard snow-path in rear. It will be seen that by this arrangement the first pair of snow-shoes had to break the path, the second improved it, each successive pair did likewise, till the toboggan in rear travelled over a tolerably firm track. We generally marched along the river bank, constructing our huts in the woods, on the windward side. The men's hands were often so cold after the march that they could scarcely work; they were divided into squads; the axmen felled the young pine trees for rafters, the branches for which were cut off; others cut fire-wood, while others, again, cleared a space for the encampment; this was effected by taking off our snow-shoes, and using them as shovels to clear a space for each hut; the snow thus excavated being thrown up around, bankwise. The hut was then constructed in the centre, with the larger branches arranged conically, or in a wedge-shape, and thatched with the smaller ones; the residue of the latter formed a soft and fragrant bed. A small aperture was left for a chimney, and a very small one, closed with a blanket, for a door."

"I may here say that it is impossible for those who have not experienced it to imagine the extreme frigidity of a temperature often ranging from eighteen to twenty-seven degrees below zero; that is, fifty to fifty-nine degrees below freezing-point. We were generally, equipped fashion, half stifled with smoke; but in a measure the smoke itself warmed the atmosphere of the hut; and to sleep without a fire in such a temperature would have proved the sleep of death."

"On March the 1st we reached the grand falls of the river St. John, about one hundred and fifty miles from Fredericton. These falls in summer are about eighty-four feet high, and nine hundred feet wide, but they were now much contracted by the ice which surrounded them. The spray had frozen, and formed a fantastic arch, in which all the various forms which the frost gives to falling water were blended. The banks on either side formed the glass-like buttresses of the arch; while the surrounding trees, wreathed with frost, and the play of the prismatic colors as the sun shone brightly over the whole scene, suggested the idea of an enchanted palace of glass. This spot was the last frontier post of New Brunswick; and on the following day, Wednesday, we reached Larouciere, in the Madawaska settlement, where we first heard spoken the French patois of Lower Canada. We were received with the greatest kindness by these simple-hearted people, who, on the following day, mounted the whole of us on sleighs, and drove us a distance of twenty-one miles to the next settlement, a performance which greatly delighted our men, who vowed it was the best "march" they had ever made."

"On the 4th, the cold was rapidly increasing, and an incessant snow-storm filled the tracks so rapidly, that it made the dragging of the toboggans very laborious, especially as we had frequently to make a wide detour, to avoid the numerous rapids and the dense brushwood on the river's bank. When we got to the end of our day's march, the men's hands were so cold that they could scarcely use the axe, and it was dark before we commenced cooking, if attempts to toast pieces of salt pork on the end of a stick could be dignified by that term. On the morning of the 5th, the glass was twenty-seven degrees below zero, and a stiff nor'-wester blowing in our teeth. The intensity of the cold was indeed indescribable. The captain of our company, however, anticipated his effect, and with a few men pushed on to prepare the fire for our occupation. About mid-day, turning a bend of the river, I was surprised to find that the head of the company had stopped, causing the centre and rear to halt as they came up; knowing the dangerous results that might ensue

from a prolonged halt, I hastened through the deep snow to the front. As I passed along, I noticed every man appeared to be frost-bitten on the cheeks or nose, and was occupied in rubbing these parts with snow. Having laid one poor fellow, whose body was frost-bitten, on a toboggan, I urged the men on once more; and by changing our leading file every four or five minutes, we at last reached the hut, nearly worn out of one hundred and five having been more or less frost-bitten."

"Two days after, the wind having abated, we, together with another company which had joined us, crossed the lake. The marching this day was very different from what we had yet experienced. The sun having begun to thaw the surface of the snow in the daytime, it was at night frozen into a thin layer of ice, sufficient to bear a light person without snow-shoes. Many of the heavier ones, however, fell through, sinking through the substratum of snow, until arrested by the solid ice of the surface of the lake. In a small habitation, at the end of this day's march, we had to leave the poor fellow I have already spoken of as having been severely frost-bitten: he was a horrible spectacle, literally a mass of ulcers. The woodman, however, undertook to cure him with herbs and simples; and he rejoined in six weeks after, perfectly sound, at Kingston. The next day's march was through a mountainous country, known as the 'Grand Portage.' This march was a most fatiguing one, as parts of the pine forest had been cleared, and the soft snow lay many feet deep in them. After our frugal meal of biscuit and pork, we were as usual sitting round the fire in our hut, when it caught fire, the wind having too effectually dried the pine-thatch. I and another brother officer managed to creep out unscathed; but it occupied us some time in snow-balling the fire, to prevent its spreading, and more than one of the officers and men got frost-bitten in the operation. Next day we reached St. Andrews, where we first saw the magnificent St. Lawrence, here eighteen miles wide, stretched before us. Comfortable billets were provided for us, no mean luxury, after having neither washed nor undressed for seventeen days. The last seven days of our march were along a well-beaten snow road; and on the 25th, being the twenty-fourth day of our march, we entered Quebec."

"It is hard to add, that this march of nearly six hundred men, for a distance exceeding five hundred miles, was unaccompanied by irregularities of any description, and that no casualties except those above narrated occurred."

"An ingenious rogue, by the name of Joseph Fick, who places his residence at North River street, Newark, has been detected by an officer at Elizabeth N. J., in selling some base metal for gold. The metal was put up in bars like those in bullion offices, and a Mr. Babel, of Rahway, was taken in. The bars, which were represented to be worth about \$2,000, were sold for \$300. The rogue made his sales by duping his customers into the belief that the dust which he pretended to file off a bar was really a specimen of the bar, while, in reality, it was sifted from the handle of the file. He was lodged in jail."

"Here is a matrimonial advertisement from the *London Times*:—'Wanted, a wife, with plenty of tin, by a gentleman, the nephew of a viscount. I have spent every cent kicking about all over the world, and have nothing to recommend me beyond that I am young, (age twenty-four), of noble family, and not so bad looking. Hurry up! no humbug. References must be of course be exchanged. Address letters to I. X. L., Post Office, 430, West Strand, London. To be left till called for.'

"WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as 'Oak Hall,' is probably the largest and best-conducted ready-made clothing and merchant tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited. Oct 14-3m

"THE COMPLEXION AND HAIR.—BALD HEADS and Bare Faces covered, Gray Hair restored, Light Hair darkened, Weak Hair strengthened, and Bushy Hair beautified. Also, Pimples cured, purified, and made soft, smooth, clear, and beautiful, by the use of CHAPMAN'S CELEBRATED RECIPES. Mailed free to those wishing to give them an honest trial. These Recipes can be obtained without charge by return mail, by addressing

THOS. F. CHAPMAN, CHEMIST AND PERFUMER, 531 Broadway, New York. Oct 21-04

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"THE BRUITS OF THE SKIN.—HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Portmore, 41 South 5th St., Philadelphia. Mar 17

"PERSONS PREMATURELY GREY Can have their hair restored to its natural color by using Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer. It is the best article known to preserve the hair preventing its falling out, and making lifeless, stiff, lank hair. Healthy, soft and glossy. All who use it are unanimous in awarding it the praise of being the best Hair Dressing on hand, and without a rival in restoring grey hair to its natural color. Beware of counterfeits and imitations ask for Hall's, and take none other. Price \$1. Sold by all Druggists. Oct 1-04

"SURE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—COX'S DYSPEPSIA PILLS.—Dyspepsia should know their value. They are used in all cases where the disease is not organic. Every person who has taken them has been relieved of it. One pill each night before going to bed for three nights in succession, and then eat your meals. These pills, besides being thoroughly effective, are mild in their operation. Oct 1-04

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WIT AND HUMOR.

No Innovations!

A good old-fashioned of our state was in the habit of sending his son, "Hans," to the mill every Saturday afternoon with a bag of grain. This was done to keep the boy out of mischief, and to make the bag, which was a large one, a large stone was put in one end of the bag, while the grain was put in the other. One day Hans had the task of getting the corn ready for mill, and by chance forgetting the stone, as he found the bag too light, he went to the back of the mill. Turning, he spied the stone, and examining the burden discovered that the load was quite as well without it as with. In joy at his great discovery, Hans yelled at the old man, who was in the corn-house—

"Father! father! come 'ere!"

"Vot's you want, Hans?" said the old farmer, coming out.

"Look here, father! I've got ter corn yalanced in ter bag without ter stone in one o' it!"

The old gentleman looked at Hans's strange innovation, and in a voice choked with wrath at the presumption of the youth, said—

"Dake ter off dake it off, an' but dake those in ter bag, like it was yefore! Your grandfather went to mill mit a stone in ter bag ter balance it, and your old father too, an' now you goes an' dake yourself up as you knows more dan both of 'em! I whips you. Hans, dake it off, an' but dake those in ter bag!"

Hans did as directed, and with a monstrous pebble in one end of the bag, and the grain in the other, old Hans went on his journey, and the world moved on.

Sharp.

A comical fellow of our town, named Bayles, was one day in one of the stores, when a little boy came in selling grapes from a small basket. Bayles thought he would have a little fun, and began with:

"Boy, how much will you ask for what grapes I can eat?"

The little fellow eyed him as if to ascertain his alimentary capacity, and replied:

"A shilling."

Bayles loved grapes, and they rapidly disappeared before him, till the basket was empty, and he called for more. The boy was astonished, but nevertheless supplied him with a few more clusters; when, with a wink at the bystanders, he pronounced himself satisfied, and paid the shilling.

The next year it happened that Bayles met the same boy selling grapes at the same place, and recalling his former bargain, again accosted the boy with—

"Say, boy, what will you ask for what grapes I can eat this time?"

The boy, remembering quite as well, replied, shutting one eye slightly—

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Bayles, we've concluded that we can't afford to wholesale our grapes this year!"

A hearty laugh followed, and the crowd took a few clusters of grapes at Bayles's expense.

Smoking, as Usual.

An exchange tells this story:

"While General Grant was making his trip to Montreal, it was currently reported at Manchester, N. H., that he would pass through that city, over the Concord Railroad. So the waggish ticket-master at that station informed a few friends, one morning, that General Grant was expected on the afternoon train. Accordingly at that time a large crowd assembled, and when the train came they were gratified with the sight of a large, new engine, bearing the name of our fortunate soldier. Among the victims of this misplaced curiosity was a jocosse lawyer, familiarly known as 'Sam,' who had seen the general before, though he presumes the general had never 'seen Sam.' This apostle of Blackstone saw the engine and the rail at the same time, and comprehending his situation at a glance, bolted inconspicuously for the street and his office. As he reached the former, he was asked by a knowing one, if he had seen the general.

"Oh, yes," said Sam, indifferently.

"How did he appear?"

"Smoking, as usual," was the clever response.

Stick of a Fever.

A Wisconsin man, stopping at the Astor House, New York, tells the following:

On Sunday, being desirous of hearing several of the more famous pulpit orators of the metropolis, he went in the morning to Dr. Chapin's church, but heard a stranger preach from the text, "But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever."

In the afternoon he went to Beecher's church, and heard the same discourse from the same preacher. Going in the evening to Dr. Osgood's church, he found the same clergyman, and the same theme—"Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The next day the patient bearer of the three-fold discourse was crossing to Brooklyn in a ferry-boat, when the alarm-bell in the Park agitated the air with its great shocks of sound, and a man behind him inquired why that bell was tolling. Looking up, he saw the now familiar face of the preacher, and was prompt to reply: "I think Simon's wife's mother must be dead; I heard three times yesterday that she was sick of a fever."

A CHALLENGE.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman, who ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said, "Sir, you are no gentleman! Here is my card—consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall have word with a friend to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction." To which the other replied, "Sir, you are a fool! Here is my card—consider your now pulled. And should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find I have left orders with my servant to show or kick you into the street for your impudence."

A DIFFICULT CASE.—A fellow, half seas over, and talking on both sides of the way, yesterday happened to the doctor to a certain street.

"Say, doctor, what's the matter with me?"

"Straighten out the fellow, just ready to go upon the other tack, 'I can't go that way.'"

A FELLOW FELLOW.—Johnson says he was one of a fishing party, near Newport, and over a dinner a fellow said to a lawyer, who was in the boat, "Say, lawyer, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing," answered the fellow, "just ready to go upon the other tack, 'I can't go that way.'"

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Wiggins thinks he'll change his club. He joined the "Reynolds" because he liked the society of artists; but, confound it! It's rather hard a fellow can't take a wink of sleep after dinner, without being put into a score of sketch-books.

The Art of Quarrelling.

Sensible husband: "How is it that we never quarrel, Mrs. Xantippe? Well, I will tell you. One person can't make a quarrel. Now, if I am in a quarrelsome humor, and break out, my wife remains cool and collected, and doesn't say a word. If my wife is peevish, and displays more temper than I, her husband, remains as unmoved as the monument, or else cheat myself into the belief that I am listening for the moment to some heavenly song. We only quarrel one at a time; and it is astonishing, if you leave a quarrel alone, how very soon it dies out! That's our secret, madam; and I should advise you, and all Xantippes to follow it."

How to Cure Thieving.—"They have a singular way of punishing robbery in China," said a missionary, who had just returned from the Celestial Empire, to a number of friends who had called in to hear his account of things in that land of marvels. "Does it cure the offender of his unfortunate propensities?" eagerly inquired a "philanthropist," whose interest in human beings was in exact ratio with their villainousness. "Well," replied the missionary, "I never saw the punishment inflicted but once. I will tell you how it was done, and then you can judge for yourself as to its reclaiming and converting powers. They put the culprit in a large mortar, and then fired him head foremost against a stone wall."

Overflowing Self-Love.—"How the deuce, my dear fellow, can I make a girl love me, who is constantly devoured by love of herself?" asked a young man of his friend. "Oh," replied the latter, "that is the easiest thing in the world; just minister to her self-love until it overflows; all that runs over will be yours."

An acquaintance of ours, who is mildly insane, being asked what kind of wood he supposed the Freedman's Bureau was made of, replied, "Ebony," and then became a raving maniac.

RECIPTS.

Original.

PUMPKIN PIE.

Every new cook book, and on an average, every newspaper that has a column or so of domestic economy, make a practice of telling us twice a year how to make pumpkin pie. But notwithstanding all the telling, I have never yet discovered that pie made of pumpkins quite free from that raw, objectionable, indescribable flavor, a compound of meanness and must taste that we don't quite fancy in a pie, until I found it in pumpkin pie that Mary and I began making three weeks ago, and have continued the practice since twice a week.

After experimenting with all sorts of pumpkins, California, Crookneck, Cuban, Boston, Peruvian, Hubbard, and the sweet potato pumpkins, our positive declaration is, that the old fashioned field variety that farmers usually plant among corn, when sound and well ripened, are better than any other sort for real genuine, good pumpkin pie.

Our perfected plan is to peel and cut the pumpkins pretty fine, then wash thoroughly in warm water, put the material into a strong linen or cotton bag, and steam it at high pressure two hours—never boil pumpkins for pie. After steaming sufficiently, place the pulp in a fine wire sieve and suffer it to drain two hours longer. Then rub it through the sieve into a pan of new, sweet milk, made sweeter by the addition of first class syrup until you think the pie will be sweet enough. The milk should be warmed, and salted and spiced just right, and if you have three or four eggs to spare, beat them up well and add them to the milk. The pie will certainly be improved by them. After rubbing in the pumpkin until you have a very thin batter, line pans an inch in depth with a short crust rolled thin, and fill the pans three-quarters full. Bake in a moderately hot oven an hour and a half, and if you discover the least twang of that objectionable raw, pumpkin taste about your pie, you may set it down for a certainty that there is something wrong about the pumpkins or your proceedings.

BONNET PARTY.

Sister Mary's oldest olive branch, a bright, beautiful girl, nine years old, had been afflicted these five years with something seriously preventing that three competent physicians had declared erysipelas, and with all their skill had failed to cure.

Now I had heard from Doctor G., in whom I have faith next to St. Matthew, that erysipelas is a capital case for "Combe" ointment.

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kidneys, clear them of fat and skin, and cut them into thin slices; powder them immediately with sweet herbs in fine powder, parsley which has been chopped, dried, and powdered, cayenne, and salt; put into a stew-pan two ounces of clarified butter, or fresh lard, if the former is not in reach, put in the slices of kidney, fry them, they will brown very quickly, they must be done on both sides, dredge four over them, moisten with lemon juice, and in five minutes the kidneys will be done; lift them out into a very hot dish, around which are laid slices of bread fried; pour into the gravy two glasses of white wine, give it boil, pour it over the kidneys, and serve hot.

AGRICULTURAL.

Combe's Columns.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AGRICULTURAL ASSURANCE.

That title don't seem to hit quite all the points we should like to cover. Suppose we add to it *Editorial Alliances* as a secondary title, considering the publishing and editorial fraternity as the subjects, and the public at large as the severest. Taking the two hands conjointly, as a guide, perhaps we shall be able to cover tolerably clearly the whole premises under consideration. Let us see.

Within these three or four years past, there has sprung up a presumption among a large class of inventors, that as a rule, publishers and editors, everywhere, are, or ought to be, public servants of private interests. Nowhere is this idea more prevalent than among agriculturists, and inventors, and manufacturers of agricultural and domestic implements. So progressive has been the idea, and to-day so prevalent, that as a rule, throughout the United States, manufacturers of agricultural implements of every description are the most niggardly advertisers in the country.

We rarely look over a number of any one of our standard, reliable agricultural papers, that we do not find in their correspondence inquiries as to who makes, and where this or that implement, of which the inquirer is in need, can be had. These inquiries don't speak well either for the liberality or sagacity of the manufacturer. Advertising their wares in these same journals would silence all such inquiries, and bring sales that would pay a handsome profit on the investment.

But the fact is, by far too many of these inventors and manufacturers, agriculturists, and horticulturists, have somehow taken a fancy to have their advertising done gratuitously. And frequently enough they succeed. Let us see.

A manufacturer or producer takes his wares, goods, and productions to a state or county fair to be seen, and sold of course. He is certain there will be several publishers and editors of public journals there, and expects every one of them to go into half-column notices over some fruit, implement, or animal of his, simply because it is very nice, pretty, or will perhaps prove a desideratum to the community. In very many instances liberal, conscientious publishers and editors do it through a sense of duty to the public, and the exhibitor gets his advertising gratuitously.

A more objectionable feature of the same principle is the practice of laying an editor or publisher under an obligation that he can unshoulder in no other way but in type. A piece of policy very like that of the Irishman who throws his "sp" worth of cut-bait to catch a school of mackerel.

A fruit-grower for instance, has a hundred barrels of really superior apples, he is desirous of selling at best rates. He presents a peck, perhaps, of the finest fruit to a good-natured publisher or editor of a respectable paper. What is the man to do? He cannot say—"No, sir, I don't want them," or "What is the price? I will pay for them," or "Take them away—I won't have them!" It is a free gift—a present. He cannot repudiate. He is indebted—laid under an obligation, and he can't help himself. He bites into one of the apples for spits. It is delicious. He softens. Another bite; he is thawed. He lays hold of his pen; the result is a thirty line, special notice—that he would have charged at least twenty-five cents a line for—\$7.50. Sells that hundred barrels of apples for, his friend, and pays him at the same time \$7.50 for a peck of fruit that in market would bring seventy-five cents.

We have been watching with some interest and considerable amusement, the development of these assurance advertising policies. In June last, the inventor of an agricultural implement—and a very good thing it is too—the retail price of which is four dollars—presented one of them to the publisher and editor of a respectable newspaper having a very fair circulation, and since the date of the presentation we have counted six editorial notices of that very implement, averaging eighteen lines each, which, at the advertising rates of the paper, would amount to even \$26. That is what we call "agricultural assurance," and editorial *erysipelas*.

Now if a person publishing or having the conduct in charge of a public journal, shall become clearly convinced that an invention or production is calculated to really benefit the public, it becomes not only his duty, but best policy to recommend it as strongly and frequently as he can consistently. The patrons of the paper, purchasing articles thus editorially advertised, and finding them all that they are represented, and ought to be, very naturally and justly say:

"That's the man and journal for my money. When I see a thing that I want editorially recommended there, I have a warrant that it is no humbug—I shall buy it. And I shall buy the paper too, just so long as it and I live."

The truth is, that if any invention, or production is really worthy of public favor, it will always pay to advertise it legitimately, and extensively. The wider, the better. Why should the inventor, the manufacturer, or producer expect the publisher of a public journal to advertise for them gratuitously, any more than the publisher should look for the butcher and baker to feed, or the tailor to clothe him for nothing? What justice is there in such a claim? Are publishers' materials—paper, type, press, ink, and the fifty-and-one minor accessories of a newspaper establishment, to be had for the best bang ever warbled? Do competitors expect their labor, and editors their brains, for mere amusement, thank you?

Nonpareil. If you believe a publisher can serve you, perhaps with him legitimately, and pay him for services rendered fairly, as he does for his subscribers. Don't try to bribe and subsidize. It is downright larceny and impudence.

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 74 letters.

My 67, 34, 44, 7, 47, 34, 10, 34, is a day of the week.

My 18, 2, 65, 67, 8, 71, 84, is a military title.

My 19, 40, 73, 23, 63, 34, 44, 49, 61, 39, 16, 4, is a large eastern city.

My 23, 13, 66, 71, 4, 63, 52, 33, 39, 27, 74, is one of the middle states.

My 2, 30, 40, 70, 64, 15, is a place we all hope to reach.

My 14, 26, 64, 59, 53, 62, 41, 1, is an animal.

My 47, 61, 37, 50, 5, 3, 21, is a boy's name.

My 11, 40, 37, 23, 23, is a sailing vessel.

My 63, 24, 66, 43, 53, 8, is found in scripture.

My 28, 47, 10, 50, 18, 20, is a southern fish.

My 37, 20, 45, 4, 48, 17, is a product of the South.

My 25, 46, 54, 48, 53, 44, is a girl's name.

My 32, 30, 9, 31, 48, 64, 40, 41, is an article of furniture.

My whole is what no family should be without.

Covington, Ky.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 3, 10, 4, 7, is a useful article.

My 4, 10, 8, 13, is a short club.

My 6, 5, 1, 12, is a part of the body.

My 7, 10, 3, 4, is a kind of tree.

My 7, 11, 10, 3, 4, is a sacred song.

My 8, 3, 2, 4, is a tree.

My 9, 2, 4, is an article of food.

My whole is the name of a distinguished statesman.

R. H. G.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Entire, I am a part of the human body.

Cut off my tail and I will show

What old-time women used to do.

Cut off my head and an instrument behold

By mamma used on their one-year old.

Again behold me, girl or boy,

And travellers hall me oft with joy.

LEW. BING.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A town in Canada East.

A town in Spain.

An Israelite.

A river in Siberia.

A town in France.

A town in Scotland.

A volcano in Italy.

A colony in Africa.

A kind of fish.

A gulf in Russia.

Part of a circle.

A river in France.

The initials and finals form the rank and name of a distinguished Indiana officer in the Federal army.

EVA.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A narrow strip of land.

A body of soldiers.

An empire in Europe.

A cluster of islands in the Mediterranean Sea.

A town in the state of Virginia.

My initials and finals form two kingdoms in the south of Europe.

Venango Co., Pa.

Mrs. M. W.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a grindstone, 3 inches thick at the outer edge, 10 inches thick at the center, and 60 inches in diameter, (perpendicular from the center to the outer edge.) It is desired to cut a hole 8 inches square through the center of this stone to put in a crank shaft. Required the number of cubic inches that will be cut out.

ARTHWAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A triangular plate of iron whose sides are 30, 36 and 39 inches, is to be supported on the point of an upright spindle. At what distance from the angular points of the plate must the spindle be applied, so that the plate may rest in a horizontal position?

GILL BATES.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Why is love like a